THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIX. No. 987. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	117
THE LIBERAL CASE	120
HISTORY REACHES TIBET. By Dorothy Woodman	120
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	122
THE CALL OF THE BLOOD. By Sagittarius	122
THIS ENGLAND	123
OVER THE BORDER. By Norman MacKenzie	123
GREECE: TRADE UNION TRAGEDY. By Basil Davidson	124
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	125
DIVIDED GERMANY—III. By Heinrich Fraenkel	125
THE SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS. By Eric James	126
COWS ARE SO HUMAN. By Nicholas Davenport	127
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Space in French Landscape. By Patrick Heron	128
Ring Round the Moon. By T. C. Worsley	128
Radio Notes. By Michael Innes	129
The Movies. By William Whitebait	129
SURVIVORS. By Alan Ross	130
CORRESPONDENCE	132
From S. L. Hourmouzios; Harley Cronin; Asher Lee; Derek Kartun; Audrey Dodson; G. Rostrevor Hamilton; Prof. D. M. MacKinnon; and L. B. R. Forsyth.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	134
AT THE SPRING. By Kenneth Severs	135
SWANS. By Richard Church	135
REVIEWS:	Page
The Innocent Banker. By A. J. P. Taylor	135
Life at St. Paul's. By C. E. M. Joad	135
More Tovey. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	136
All the World a Schmoo. By John Richardson	138
The Mountain Traveller. By Janet Adam Smith	138
The Hearth and the Cloister. By Naomi Lewis	140
Strindberg Again! By G. W. Stonier	142
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	144
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	144
CHESS. By Assiac	145

The Logic of the H-Bomb

LAST Wednesday, the Foreign Office released the text of a letter from Mr. Attlee to Lady Parmoor and Mr. Gerald Bailey, in which the Prime Minister sharply rejected any idea of a personal approach by himself to Mr. Stalin on the ground that its only result would be to "raise unduly the hopes of peace of the common people of the world, which have been so cruelly disappointed in the past." The Government, he added, "would continue to watch for any possibility of improving the situation." On the same day, news came from Washington that President Truman had surrendered to the steadily mounting hysteria in Congress. Acting in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief, he had instructed the Atomic Energy Commission to go ahead with plans for the production of the hydrogen bomb.

The price to be paid for the American conception of democracy is exceedingly high. Instead of being able to take secret counsel with Mr. Acheson, Mr. Lilienthal and his scientific advisers, Mr. Truman's hand has been forced by a Congressional Committee, most of whom, as Mr. Lippmann once observed, are as ignorant of atomic research as they are of Chinese. But in the present mood of Washington, aggravated by the verdict against Alger Hiss, a refusal to act would have led to a violent storm—even to a threat to impeach Mr. Truman for neglecting his duties. We can only hope that, although he has surrendered on this issue, he will persevere in his determination to reopen negotiations with the Kremlin.

The British attitude, as revealed in the Prime Minister's letter, is less understandable. Mr. Attlee is not harassed by an all-party committee at Westminster which pries out the secrets of the atomic scientists and "leaks" them to the Press. As far as we know, there is no feverish demand in this country for bigger and better bombs. The British people know perfectly well that, even if America and Russia might survive an atomic war, Britain and Western Europe would not. Morality and self-interest alike should compel us to mediate in this fatalist rearmament race.

The Prime Minister's letter seemed to suggest that the implacable temper of Russian Marxism made such negotiations hopeless; the best chance of survival lay in deterring a Russian attack by the preparation of counter-measures. If we take this argument seriously—as we should—the consequences are clear. To deter the Russians we must make it impossible for them to knock us out by one annihilating blow. This would entail not only the most elaborate forms of aerial defence, but a civil defence programme of enormous dimensions. A large part of the population must be moved at once overseas; atom-proof shelters must be constructed for all key workers, and the main industrial centres and ports must be dispersed.

No one seriously contemplates such measures. On the contrary, we are spending £800 million a year on a defence policy which only makes sense on the assumption that the atom bomb will never be used against us. While we talk of deterring the Russians, we are not prepared to draw the consequences in our peace-time life of such a policy. The deterrent is a bluff; and any Russian who takes a look at London, Liverpool or Glasgow must know that it is.

The Prime Minister is rightly unwilling "to raise unduly the hopes of peace of common people." In that case he should tell us frankly that atomic rearmament, without atomic civil defence, is military nonsense which deceives no one but ourselves. Once that is clear, the common people might reach the conclusion that even the very imperfect system of control and inspection, which is all that could be achieved in negotiation, might be preferable to blind rearmament.

Cripps v. Hoffman

It is lucky that, during the current session of O.E.E.C. in Paris, Sir Stafford Cripps has been able to plead with reason that, in view of the imminent general election, he could not be expected to commit this country to the far-reaching intra-European payments scheme which Mr. Hoffman, aided by the Belgians, has been trying to impose on the Marshall Plan countries. It is not that Britain is opposed to any practical steps for the liberalisation of trade and international payments. Proof of this is to be found both in the steps we have already taken to free a large range of imports from quota restrictions and in the new agreement concluded with the three Scandinavian countries, under which limitations on tourist expenditure are removed and restrictions raised from all current payments arising either from investment or from trade for which an import licence

has been obtained or is not required. The proposed European Payments Union, however, is a horse of quite another colour.

Precise details of the plan have not been officially published; but the intention seems to be that payments effected through E.P.U. between all Marshall countries should be free and multilateral, and that surpluses and deficits above agreed amounts should be settled in gold. It is doubtful whether Britain could at present afford both to open her market to imports from Europe and to commit sterling to this degree of intra-European convertibility; the dangers of leakage of pounds *via* Belgian and Swiss francs are only too obvious. But Mr. Hoffman, it seems, would not be content even with this step towards general convertibility of currencies. He is reported to be insisting that E.P.U. balances must be to some extent directly convertible into dollars. No such provision could possibly be accepted by this country; nor, indeed, can there be any question of scrapping, as is apparently proposed, Britain's existing bilateral trade agreements with Continental countries.

The Ladder Plan

Although there is as yet no sign of the long-awaited general reconstruction plan for the coalfields, the National Coal Board has at last made public its proposals for securing higher technical qualifications in what might be called "the non-commissioned ranks" of the industry. These proposals, entitled "The Ladder Plan," are intended to give effect to recommendations made during the 'thirties by the Holland Committee and the Royal Commission on Safety, which advised that the qualifications of under-managers, deputies and various technicians and tradesmen should be raised and the methods of awarding them reviewed.

It is now proposed to organise three-year courses for deputies and certificated tradesmen with a view to their securing a General Certificate, while "Ordinary" and "Higher" National Certificates—the latter calling for a further two or three years of part-time study—will be open to those capable of taking more difficult examinations. With recruitment of young people into the industry now running at the rate of about 15,000 a year, the plan, when fully in operation, should mean that about 20 per cent. of each year's entrants will have the opportunity of further technical and general education.

The British mining industry is badly off for qualified technicians; and the "Ladder Plan," if adopted, should do much to rectify this position and to raise both overall efficiency and safety in the mines. Although the death-roll in the pits for the last two years has been the lowest ever recorded, many avoidable accidents still occur. The better the training at all levels, from tradesman to under-manager, the less blood there will be on the coal. The proposals are now being submitted to "a score or more interested bodies." It seems curious that the N.U.M. was not represented on the Committee responsible for framing the plan. If, however, undue delay is caused by the ensuing negotiations, it is fortunate that, under the 1949 Mines Act, the Minister can himself impose new statutory qualifications for the industry's N.C.O.s.

Hungary's Progress

Having completed, like Poland, her short-term reconstruction plan well ahead of schedule, and having already reached a level of industrial production 40 per cent. above 1938, Hungary has embarked on a Five-Year Plan, formulated by Mr. Gero, which resembles in many ways Mr. Minc's plan for the Polish economy. With over 21 per cent. of the national income allocated yearly to capital investment, overall production is to increase during the course of the plan by 63 per cent.; there is to be an average annual increment of 17 per cent. in industrial output and a total expansion, by 1954, of nearly 40 per cent. in the supply of consumer's goods. The following figures illustrate the impressive growth planned in basic industry.

	1949	1954
Coal (Mn. Tons)	11.5	18.5
Pig Iron (Mn. Tons)	0.9	1.6
Electricity (Bn. kw.)	2.2	4.3

As compared with a planned increase of 73 per cent. in the output of light industry, heavy industrial production is to expand by 104 per cent., and that of the machine tool industry by no less than 223 per cent.

As in the case of Poland, the planned increase in agricultural output is proportionately smaller, averaging 8.4 per cent. yearly during the Plan; and, in 1954, agriculture's share in the production of the national income will have fallen to 42 per cent., as compared with just over 50 per cent. in 1949. Like Mr. Minc, Mr. Gero relies on mechanisation and fertilisers, coupled with priority in investment in State farms and producer co-operatives, to increase, substantially, crop yields per acre.

Thus, in the course of the next five years, during which her industry will absorb half a million more workers, Hungary will have decisively abandoned its pre-war "peasant" economy in favour of a new "balance" whose achievement should lead to a genuine increase in mass standards of life. Incidentally, the broad lines of the Plan provide an odd commentary on the charge that the Soviet Union, at any rate economically, tries to impose a "colonial status" on its Western neighbours.

Farm Prices

The annual revision of guaranteed selling prices for British farm produce is due to take place this month. Whether it will be postponed, on this occasion, until after the general election is a moot point. The farmers, whose National Union held its annual meeting in London last week, will doubtless argue that the withdrawal of the fertiliser and feeding stuff subsidies gives them a strong case for higher prices "off the farm," whether the burden is borne by the consumer or the Treasury. In his presidential address, Sir James Turner said that the withdrawal of the subsidies would increase food production costs by over £51 million; but there are several considerations to be borne in mind before this figure is accepted as proof of the need for higher prices. How far can increased costs be offset by greater efficiency and better management? For example, there is some evidence that subsidised fertilisers have often been carelessly stored and wastefully used. Again, if feeding stuffs become more expensive, there may be a healthy incentive to get away from excessive dependence on imported fodder and to move towards improved ley-farming, with increased use of silage and grass-drying.

The Farmers' Union seems to be in favour of amalgamating the Ministries of Food and Agriculture. On grounds of administrative economy there might be a case for this; but there would also be a danger of food policy being framed exclusively in producers' interests. The consumer needs a Ministerial champion.

Argentine Hide-out

Is there an escape route for Nazis to Argentina? A statement by the Argentine Socialist Party certainly suggests that quite a number of Nazis have found their way into the country to swell the large number of German agents who were there throughout the war. Among the names given are those of four Gestapo officials, now said to be advising Peron's police force—which itself now outnumbers the Army garrisons round Buenos Aires. Other Nazis are alleged to hold important posts in some of the Ministries, while a number of Nazi officers act as advisers to the Argentine Army. Among those named is Otto Skorzeny, the man who commanded the parachute troop which rescued Mussolini from his mountain prison.

Peron undoubtedly is still using the Nazis, who have been protected by his regime from the beginning, and permitting them to use Argentina as a base, both for work in the Americas and in Europe. The U.S. authorities in Germany last year had to ban the distribution in their Zone of *Der Weg*, a paper published in Argentina. There have been other disquieting reports from Buenos Aires recently. Peron has been making things increasingly difficult for his opponents, both by police action and by hampering their press. If anything, his regime is more totalitarian than ever.

The 1949 Pattern

The current *Ministry of Labour Gazette* gives the usual annual summaries of labour statistics. During 1949, civilian manpower as a whole rose by about one per cent, and total manpower (including the armed forces) by about 0.5 per cent. The rise was due partly to an increase in school-leavers, but mainly to the continued tendency for more women to seek, or remain in, employment. Unemployment remained low, with seasonal changes that left it at the end of 1949 at nearly the same level as a year before. Wage-rates rose less than in any year since 1939—by less than 2 per cent, as against a price-rise of 3 or 4 per cent. Strikes were on a very small scale, with days lost at the lowest total since 1943.

Textiles, clothing, chemicals, the food trades, distribution, and the public utility services, increased their labour force; the coal mines and the National Government service each lost 2 per cent; and there was also a small decline in agriculture. The retail trades and building showed practically no change. In most cases there were rather fewer men and rather more women out of work at the end of 1949 than a year before; but male unemployment rose a

little in the North of England and in Scotland. Wales had the heaviest unemployment percentage of any area, except Northern Ireland; but the Welsh figure was only 4 per cent, and Northern Ireland's 6½ per cent.

The figures as a whole give an impression of stability, and of relatively small movements from industry to industry concealing a good deal of change *inside* industries. The wage-figures of course show the effects of the policy of "restraint" accepted by the Trade Unions and acted on increasingly by arbitration tribunals as the year advanced. Retail prices show as yet little direct effect of devaluation.

Troubled Hongkong

Hongkong, cables a correspondent, has too many troubles of its own to bother greatly over the question whether Mao Tse-tung is finding Moscow a hard bargaining-ground, or—more likely—is working out with Mr. Molotov a detailed long-range plan for the industrialisation of China and the political conquest of South-East Asia. The immediate concern is the labour unrest. A tram strike, with explosive possibilities, has been going on for a month, the men wanting an extra $3 a day; and the other utility companies, although not yet affected by the strike, are also facing the same demand for increased pay.

These strikes are not inspired by the Chinese Government, but can be compared with those in Shanghai just after liberation. The workers are trying to cash in on the Communist victory. What makes the position awkward is that their demands are justified according to Western standards: the cost of living in Hongkong is high, and many of the tram drivers have to look after half-a-dozen refugee aunts and cousins who cannot find work here.

On the other hand, the Unions behind the transport workers in Hongkong are Communist, and giving in to them would mean, it is argued, a loss of face, and would start a wave of quite unjustified strikes. Some people here would even welcome a general strike, because the Colony is full of soldiers, who could easily take over all the utilities. But the Hongkong Government is wary; and, through reluctance to step on anybody's toes, it manages to displease everybody. For instance, when strikers from a match factory walked into the down-town office of their company and demanded that their strike, which had been going on for over three months, should finally be settled, the management called in the police, who ejected the strikers forcibly. The police officer in command was (privately) reprimanded, though he had orders not to let "lock-ins" of employers on the Shanghai model occur in Hongkong.

The general opinion in the Colony was that the strikers were handled too softly; Peiping Radio accused the British of "wounding" sixty Chinese workers; and the Hongkong Government continues to sit on its uncomfortable fence. That is the trouble with Hongkong. It is a sort of in-between, not quite sure how long it is going to remain British, not quite sure how long its new, light industries can keep working in competition with China proper, not quite sure how long its free port position will maintain it as the broker of the Far East, not quite sure of anything, in fact, but still prosperous and determined to keep its prosperity until the inevitable happens. We are watching the flood come in, but so long as it has not washed our gold away we won't budge.

From the French Angle

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Not much is being said about the British election yet, but everybody here knows that the outcome will deeply affect the future of Western Europe. If the Tories win, the drift towards the Right will become even more accentuated. All social progress, all rational planning will suffer a severe setback, and "free enterprise," as represented by men like Reynaud and Van Zeeland, will gain the upper hand—complete with unemployment. All the cruder forms of nationalism will be encouraged, as well as the various brands of neo-Fascism, with de Gaulle, King Leopold, and the rest cashing in. Labour England has, in spite of everything, helped millions of people not to lose their democratic faith and conscience. If the Tories were to become Britain's spokesmen, many inhibitions on the Continent would go, and those civil liberties which still make Western Europe worth living in would be drowned in a sea of intolerance.

In France, it has been a busy and troublesome week. The cost of living is going up: train fares have been increased 33 per cent, and Paris bus and Metra fares 40 per cent. The Government has had to promise to allow an extra £3 a month to workers earning less than £20 a month. There are signs of growing labour unrest—sporadic strikes on the Paris metro, refusals by dockers to load ships with war material for Indochina; threats not to unload the American war material when it comes; even attempts to hold up the manufacture of bombs in French armament works. The Government has declared that troops will be used to break such strikes; there is already an outcry about Russia having started another "labour offensive" in Western Europe.

Viet Nam continues to be dynamite. The Assembly debate generated into one of the ugliest brawls in the whole parliamentary history of France. The Communists behaved in an extremely provocative way, with Mme Thorez cocking a snook at M. Pleven, the War Minister. More important, though less spectacular, was the defeat of the Socialist motion calling on the Bidault Government at least to attempt armistice talks with Ho Chi Minh.

Meantime, more light has been shed on the *affaire* of Generals Revers and Mast. The parts played by Peyré and Van Co (who, I learn, represented one of the Bao Dai cliques, and not Vietminh, as I said last week) remain obscure; but one plausible theory is that rivalry between French high officials was at the bottom of it all, particularly rivalry between M. Pignon, the present High Commissioner, and his prospective successor or successors. The passing on of information to Vietminh seems to have been only a side issue in this jungle of colonial intrigue, and there appears to be some truth in the story, put forward by *Combat*, that the two French generals fell into a trap laid for them by Vietnamese allies of the present High Commissioner.

THE ELECTION: Marginal Comment

In the sound and the fury of more immediate issues, I hope that no one will lose sight of the constitutional proposals the Tories propose to implement if they became the next Government of this country. They start out from two assumptions, one of which is historically false, and the other of which has consequences far more profound than the light-hearted way it is being tossed into the electoral ring would lead one to imagine.

The historical assumption is that in modern times great constitutional changes have been made by consent. Very wisely they refrain from citing examples. But I do not remember reading about any ardent Tory consent to the Reform Act of 1832; indeed, I do not think it excessive to say that they were only driven into acceptance of it by the fear of social erosion. Nor would most people say that they gave their consent to the Parliament Act in 1911 even with restrained enthusiasm. Every student of constitutional history remembers how Lord Hugh Cecil (as he then was) organised the disgraceful scene in the Commons in which Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, was shouted down; and how carefully, with the counsel of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, the Tory leaders worked hard to get George V to refuse to create peers. Evidently Mr. Churchill's history of his "Liberal period" needs to be brought a little more clearly into his recollection.

The other assumption appears to be that, whatever power a party requests from the electorate, it ought not to use it in a way that violates well-established traditions unless its opponents agree. So, we are told, University representation will be restored, if the Tories win, and we shall have a series of elections. Taking the nineteenth century down to our own days, I venture the hypothesis that there is not a single Member sent from University to Westminster—with the possible exception of Miss Eleanor Rathbone—who could not have got into Parliament in the ordinary way, and that of the relatively small number of famous scholars whom the Universities chose, they did nothing at all in the House to suggest that they were famous scholars. That is true of Sir Richard Jebb, of Sir William Anson, of Sir Charles Oman, of Dr. A. V. Hill, to take some obvious examples.

And, after an all-party conference, the Tories propose finally to solve the problem of the House of Lords. What fragrant offerings they bring! The hereditary principle is no longer to be the sole basis of membership; and the new Chamber will have no more authority than the Parliament Act gave to the old. No sane Tory can really believe that Labour would accept even a vestige of the hereditary principle; for too much is known about the Peers to make this possible. And the gentle phrases look very like a well-organised tour through a maze where one finally lands up at Viscount Cave's proposal of twenty-five years ago. There are many able men of high integrity in the Lords; but Labour and, I suspect, even the Liberals are not going to take any risks with the backwoodsmen again. Their native forests are their proper place.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Liberal Case

To judge from the exchange of letters between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Clement Davies, the medieval controversy about nominalism has suddenly become an issue in the election. Does the word "Liberal," as Mr. Churchill bluffly asserts, mean anyone who for any reason chooses to call himself Liberal, with or without prefix or suffix? Or is Liberalism an essence, a quiddity, possessed by Mr. Clement Davies, Mr. Frank Byers and Lord Layton, which enables them to stand like angels on the point of a political needle? We shall know the answer on February 24, when we see how many Liberals have come to accept Mr. Churchill's nominalist view and how many believe that there is still an essential difference between Toryism and Liberalism.

For the conscientious voter, who accepts most of the changes carried out under the first Labour Government but wants to go no further, the issue is nicely balanced. In drafting *The Right Road*, Mr. Butler has shown the most tender solicitude for Liberal susceptibilities. Welsh and Scottish Liberals are promised much more devolution than Labour is willing to concede. The Welfare State, to which Liberalism claims to have given issue by an almost immaculate conception, now receives the blessing of a Tory godfather. Monopolies and restrictive practices which were the main achievement of Tory rule in the 1930s, are impartially condemned in trade unionism as well as industry. "Forget mere names," pleads Mr. Butler. "We are all Liberals now. We should all be united in a common defence of liberty against the encroachments of the Socialist State."

It is an alluring argument, which has the additional advantage of being backed by overwhelming force. In wooing the Liberals, Mr. Butler has the money and the machine on his side, as well as the natural desire of most electors not to waste their votes. Why then has he so signally failed in the course of five years to win over the two million voters who supported Liberal candidates in 1945? Why, in defiance of all calculable odds—and with scarcely a pretence of a distinctive programme, except on the issue of conscription—are Liberal candidates popping up all over the country?

There are two answers to this question. In the first place, there are regions—Devon and Cornwall, Wales and Lancashire, for instance—where the Nonconformist, Radical revolt against the squire and the parson is still very much alive. Here the name Liberal connotes a real political substance, which stubbornly refuses to be absorbed into either of the two big parties, and still casts those traitors who have added a "Nat." or a "Con." to their party label into the outer darkness. In British politics, loyalties are often more enduring than either principles or leaders; and the Liberal loyalty is still sufficiently widespread to provide the stuff of a Third Party which cannot be corrupted either by Mr. Morrison's watering down of Socialism or Mr. Butler's liberalisation of Tory dogma.

In addition to this traditional Liberalism, there exists to-day, especially in the middle classes, a widespread suspicion of two-party politics. It is compounded of an instinctive distaste for political machines, a hankering for genuine national unity—in contrast with the Tory-dominated national unity of the 'thirties—a desire for truly independent representation at Westminster and, lastly, a nostalgia for "genuinely objective" discussions of great national issues. It is the increase of secondary education which has largely caused this frustrated resentment at the idea that every voter must bow the knee either in the house of the F.B.I. or in the house of the T.U.C. If this resentment increases, it might possibly create the conditions for a new party at Westminster.

It should be realised, however, that there is nothing distinctively Liberal about this malaise. When the Liberals were a great party, they suffered from all the defects which the independent voter now resents in the Tory and Labour machines. Those who cast their votes for the Liberals and Proportional Representation should realise that they are demanding, not a return to Liberalism, but the adoption in Britain of the Continental system of government by a permanent coalition, composed of all or most of the main parties.

It is arguable that this system may be better adapted to the needs of a planned economy, and that what Britain now requires at Westminster is, not strong Cabinet government, but careful administration by all-party committees—such as is the practice in great municipalities. Machine politics is a relatively modern innovation; it began, as Liberals tend to forget, when Joseph Chamberlain organised the Liberal caucus in Birmingham. There is nothing sacrosanct about it. If the independent voter believes that it has outlived its use, he will not be wasting his vote by casting it for a Liberal, even if his candidate is not elected. Every political movement must start as a hopeless protest, if it is ever to achieve effective power.

We doubt, however, whether more than a small minority of potential Liberal voters have thought thus far or would agree with the conclusion, if they had. A great many "independents," without party affiliation, would accept with relative equanimity either a Labour Government, if they were sure that Mr. Morrison could keep Mr. Bevan under control, or a Tory Government with Mr. Butler and Mr. MacMillan in sole charge and Mr. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook in retirement. But they have the uneasy feeling that in both parties the moderates who are wooing the floating vote are outnumbered by the "wild men" with political convictions. Despite Mr. Butler, a Tory Government might really introduce a Tory policy of deflation; despite Mr. Morrison a second Labour Government might be really Socialist. How, asks the worried independent, can the moderates be strengthened against the extremists?

Strangely enough, there is an objective answer to this question. For those whose taste is moderation, a Labour Government with a small but workable majority is almost certainly the best recipe. By surrendering their independence and putting the Tories into effective power, as they did in 1931, the middle-of-the-way electors might well be the unwitting accomplices of the extremism which they abhor. Though Mr. Clement Davies will never say so, this is the real case for the Liberal Party's decision to fight this election.

History Reaches Tibet

Only once has the House of Commons, or the British public, been seriously interested in the affairs of Tibet. That was in 1904, when Campbell-Bannerman and Charles Trevelyan denounced the spectacular Younghusband Expedition to Lhasa as a dangerous and a dishonest piece of British imperialism. In general, Tibet has stood in the public mind as a social and political monstrosity, strangely surviving in the modern world. By the Foreign Office it has been regarded as a difficult outpost of Empire, where, by diplomatic guile, India's security from Russia could be maintained through the device of recognising Chinese suzerainty over the Dalai Lama. In 1950, the whole of this pattern is changed by the independence of India and the victory of Communism in China.

Traditionally, Tibet has been ruled by the Dalai Lama, the supreme authority, and the Panchen Lama, whose authority rests on his higher reincarnation. But since 1924, when the two Lamas disagreed on political issues (including the extent of British influence in Lhasa) the Panchen Lama has lived in China. To-day it comes about, therefore, that the main issue of policy is sharply defined by the rivalry of the Dalai and Panchen Lamas. From Lhasa the Dalai Lama has made an obviously futile request to the British and Americans to receive diplomatic Missions, with the apparent object of asking for military aid against Communist pressure, whilst from Chinese Tibet the Panchen Lama is calling upon the Chinese Communists to "liberate Tibet," and to wipe out "all traitorous elements."

The Dalai Lama is effectively the absolute ruler over Western Tibet. The Panchen Lama, potentially a political as well as a religious rival, has undoubtedly great influence in Eastern Tibet, parts of which the Chinese incorporated with the Western ends of the provinces of Kansu and Szechwan to make the two new administrative areas of Tsinghai and Sikang. About two million Tibetans live in these provinces, and the Chinese are reported to have set up a pro-Communist Tibetan Government in Tsinghai, centred round the 12-year-old Panchen Lama. This Communist administration is also supported by influential Buddhist lamaseries, where some of the young lamas have already translated into Tibetan the "Eight Point" Proclamation of the People's Liberation Army, embodying the basic policies of the Communist Party.

The balance of power in Asia has completely changed since 1904, when Lord Curzon, fearing Russian intrigues, sent a military mission to Lhasa and forced a Treaty on the Tibetan Government. The Chinese, as suzerain Power, ratified the Treaty two years later, both Britain and China engaging not to annex Tibetan terri-

tory nor to interfere in the administration of Tibet, while China undertook not to permit any other foreign State to interfere with Tibetan territory or internal administration. In the following year, Britain and Russia were on friendly enough terms to agree on spheres of influence.

This active foreign intervention stimulated powerful groups in Lhasa to assert their independence in 1911, when the Manchus were overthrown by nationalist revolution. From then until 1934, no Chinese representative visited Tibet, and the Government ceased sending their annual token gifts to Peking. The Panchen Lama at that time was pro-Chinese, and behind him were the 10,000 monks in Drepung, Tibet's largest lamasery. But when the Dalai Lama returned from his exile in Darjeeling, the Chinese had no effective power in central Tibet, though they retained it in the Eastern areas adjoining China.

Recognising the weakness of their position, the Chinese Government initialled, in 1914, the Simla Convention, which would have had the effect of consolidating this division. The Tibetan, Chinese and British representatives, after six months' negotiations, agreed to recognise two zones—Outer Tibet (including Lhasa, Shigatse and Chamdo) and Inner Tibet (including Ba-tang, Li-tang and Tachienlu) and most of Eastern Tibet. Chinese suzerainty over the whole of Tibet was recognised, but China engaged not to convert Tibet into a Chinese province. Britain undertook not to annex any portion of Tibet. The autonomy of Outer Tibet was recognized, and China agreed not to send troops, except a maximum of 300 in Lhasa, nor civilians, nor to interfere in the administration. In Inner Tibet, the Lhasa Government were to retain their existing rights, but China was not forbidden to send troops or officials or to plant colonies there.

Two days after the Chinese representative had initialled this Convention, his Government repudiated him. The British Minister in Peking informed the Government that Britain and Tibet considered the Convention as concluded by the act of initialling and that they would sign it independently if China defaulted. "Eventually in 1921," Mr. Eden reminded Mr. T. V. Soong in a Memorandum presented to him in August, 1943, "Lord Curzon informed Dr. Wellington Koo that the British Government did not feel justified in withholding any longer their recognition of the status of Tibet as an autonomous State under the suzerainty of China, and intended dealing on this basis with Tibet in the future." Lord Curzon concluded his Note with the remark that his Government "would welcome any amicable arrangements which the Chinese Government might be disposed to make with Tibet whereby the latter recognised Chinese suzerainty in return for an agreed frontier and an undertaking to recognise Tibetan autonomy and they would gladly offer any help desired by both parties to this end."

Tibet's buffer position between China and British India was reflected in Lhasa. The Thirteenth Dalai Lama was a shrewd politician as well as a religious dictator. He believed that the British were his guarantee against Chinese domination, and told the Viceroy of India in 1922 that "all the people of Tibet and myself have become of one mind, and the British and Tibetans have become one family." It was, of course, the function of the British Representative in Lhasa to react sympathetically to such a statement, but it must be added that Sir Charles Bell himself felt a passionate friendship for Tibet and sincerely admired the Dalai Lama. At the same time, he appreciated Tibet's natural affinity with the Chinese and suggested that when she finally secured "recognition of the integrity and autonomy of her territory, she may not unreasonably enter the Chinese Commonwealth."

The Panchen Lama did not share the Dalai Lama's political orientation; from the time he escaped with a group of Lamas to China in 1924 until he died in 1937, he worked to restore China's influence in Tibet. Politics played a part behind the religious scenes of his reincarnation. The Lamas had three babies to choose from, one from central Tibet, the other two from Tsinghai, and the soul of the Panchen Lama was luckily found in one from Tsinghai. This boy of 11 was installed last August, but the Dalai Lama has never recognised him. Thus the religious and the political rivalry between the Dalai and the Panchen Lamas still play their part in Sino-Tibetan affairs.

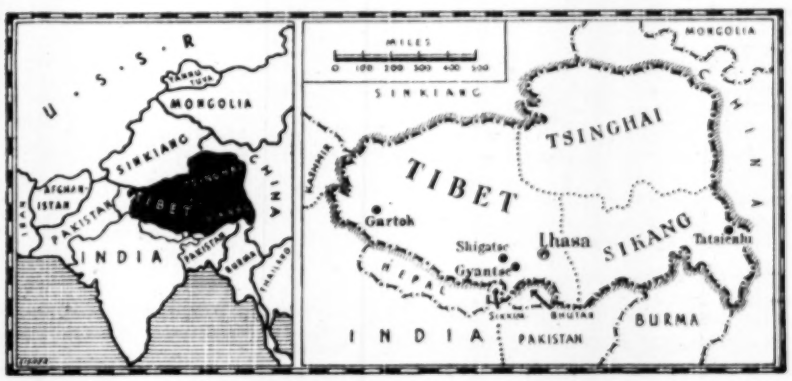
The famous Thirteenth Dalai Lama died in 1933, and was reincarnated in the 14-year-old boy who is in Lhasa to-day. But those who exercise power behind the lamaistic throne appear still to have pro-British sympathies; they also desire to keep their country out of the world struggle and their religion free from foreign influence. The Republic of India has taken over British responsibilities in Tibet, and continues to employ the same British representative in Lhasa. But there is no Chinese representative in Lhasa to-day, for the Dalai Lama suddenly expelled the Chinese Mission last July. The non-Communists suspected a Cominform intrigue. The Communists smelt an Anglo-American plot and shouted louder their slogan: "Hands off Tibet." The most probable explanation is that the Dalai Lama felt that he could escape from trouble by getting rid of the Chinese just because they were Chinese; a few Communists in the Mission would serve to confirm his decision.

That he cannot isolate Tibet from world affairs was shown a few weeks ago when he expressed his frightened wish to send Missions to London and Washington—a step which Peiping has already denounced as "illegal." Neither can he escape the urgent wave of nationalism which sweeps over Asia to-day. The voice of Marx has already been heard above the chanting of the Lamas. One of them, Padit Rahula, visited Moscow in 1947, returned with a Russian wife, and was jailed for some time for his pro-Communist propaganda. Another is Gedun Cho Phel, a brilliant young teacher who has inspired many others with the idea of land and freedom for the peasant and shepherd. A small Young Tibetan Nationalist Party is already emerging in this land of sheepskins and gold brocades—"crazily rich and crazily poor," as a Chinese writer described it.

Picturesque, exotic descriptions of the crazily rich Tibetans have generally obscured the realities of the crazily poor, or dismissed them as happy and dirty. But they are little more than serfs, working in a feudal theocracy, where one-half the entire revenue is absorbed by the lamaseries, and one-quarter by the nobility. Two-thirds of Tibet's cultivable land is owned by the lamaseries, free from rent, which, if levied, would amount to about £800,000. Whilst the wealth of the country is concentrated in the lamaseries and the nobility, political power is integrated with religious authority in this feudal theocracy. The Dalai Lama (which means in practice the Regent, until he is 18 years old), has absolute power.

The Foreign Office Memorandum of 1943 showed that, in an effort to avoid a direct clash of interests in Tibet, British policy had, in effect, agreed to regard the Eastern provinces of Tibet as part of the Chinese Republic on the understanding that the Chinese would not compete with British influence in Lhasa. Another formula for this understanding is that Britain accepts Chinese suzerainty over Tibet on condition that China respects the autonomy of the country. It would be agreeable but futile to hope that this convenient convention could be maintained. The vast ferment of Chinese Communism is already at work in the Eastern provinces and the fantastic social and economic structure of Lhasa and Outer Tibet can have little power to resist its onslaught, however convenient to the West the survival of this feudal theocracy might be.

DOROTHY WOODMAN



London Diary

THE veneer of diplomacy is wearing horribly thin. In recognising Ho Chi Minh the Russians have taken an unprecedented step. Technically Ho Chi Minh is a rebel. Hitherto the U.S.S.R. has been careful not to kick over the diplomatic traces. Presumably the Kremlin now feels impregnable in Asia. In any case it has the facts of Viet Nam on its side. According to the Indian Consul-General at Saigon last year, 80 per cent. of the country was controlled by Ho Chi Minh, the French only holding the few sizable towns. They are regarded just as Imperial rulers hoping to re-conquer a country which is fighting for its independence. At best it may be argued that the French, like the Dutch, do not hope to restore their old Colonial position, but plan, through Bao Dai, or some more serious successor, in the future to pass over the reality of power. To-day their pretence to have transferred sovereignty to Bao Dai is particularly thin since he has not even control of his own foreign policy. If he had, I should guess that he would at once open negotiations with Ho Chi Minh. He only exists by the courtesy of French bayonets.

* * *

The British Government is apparently on the point of recognising Bao Dai in order to please the French. If so, it is a decision which probably involves us in supporting, if not in actually taking part in, a protracted and terrible war. Diplomatically, it is surprising that we should throw away the tests of recognition we have always demanded and which we stressed so much in the case of the Chinese Communists. No one thinks that Bao Dai is effectively in control of most of the territory of Viet Nam. His Government is not independent; without the French he is certainly in no position to fulfil international obligations. Recent experts describe the devastation of Viet Nam as indescribably shocking. It is a savage and cruel war, even by modern standards. The French, when they fight Colonial wars, stop at nothing. The full details of the massacre in Madagascar and an almost equally extensive massacre in North Africa have never yet been published in this country. I am not suggesting that the Vietnamese are gentle either, but only that this is the kind of war that will go on all over the world as long as the Western peoples think they have the right to dominate coloured peoples for their own advantage. The propaganda value to the Soviet Union of such a war will be immense and, as things stand, the experts tell me the French levies can make no headway at all. I am authoritatively informed that some ten thousand Frenchmen lost their lives in Viet Nam in 1949. This does not, of course, mean that the Vietnamese guerillas cannot be defeated if the West is sufficiently bloody and resolute. The Greek guerillas seemed invincible—American power, money, organisation and weapons have defeated them. I suppose that the same thing could occur in Viet Nam; that would depend on how far the Chinese Communists are prepared to go in helping Ho Chi Minh.

The political broadcasts have been worth listening to. Maurice Webb put the younger Socialists' reply to Winston Churchill in forcible and effective form. Lord Salisbury was probably a bit too transparent to do the Tories any good. He sounded so very superior; his argument really amounted to a plea that things would only go right again when we return to the rule of the aristocracy, when poverty and unemployment were tempered by Tory democracy. Maxwell Fyfe tried (without, I suspect, much success) to persuade trade unions to show their political impartiality by voting Conservative. Last, but, perhaps most interesting, was Frank Byers, who put the Liberal case as well as it will be put in this election. He is a good broadcaster and he adroitly struck a nice balance between progress and caution. He made the Liberal programme seem sufficiently plausible and coherent to justify the nomination of more than four hundred candidates. He showed no trace of that mixture of self-satisfaction and self-pity which often makes Liberals irritating. On the contrary, he gave the impression that he believed what he said and was proud of it. This, I am sure, is worth more votes to the Liberals than abstract arguments about what might happen if forty per cent of the electorate voted for them. The best estimate I have seen of their chances is Lloyd's premium of £5,000 for insurance of all deposits lost between 50 and 250. This means that Lloyd's is laying the Liberals even money that they will lose no more than 83 deposits.

* * *

A number of people have asked me recently whether Zilliacus has a chance of holding his seat. A friend who has just returned from Gateshead after a bit of careful inquiry there is very non-committal. He says that Zilliacus's seat should provide "one of the more interesting contests in the whole election" and adds that his opinion is shared by several foreign correspondents who have also been up there to have a look round. Their opinion, he says, is that there is a chance that the Tory may win on the split Labour vote, but that it is impossible yet to tell how the Labour vote will be split between Zilliacus and Moody, the official Labour candidate. Zilliacus, of course, enjoys some advantages. He is the sitting Member; he has an attractive personality; he has been an outstanding figure and he has undoubtedly put Gateshead on the map politically. Offsetting these assets in the minds of many loyal Socialists is the widespread, but erroneous, belief that he is a secret Communist; *Pravda's* attacks on him have not made half the impact of its previous praise. Local opinion varies all the way from a conviction that Zilliacus will romp home down to the local Labour Party's assertion that he will lose his deposit. The betting in the pubs is slightly in his favour at the moment. This should be a good test of the relative drawing power of a good candidate against a party label.

* * *

In real life Cassandra was once able to count on a considerable period between her prophecies of woe and the time her throat was cut; it was only in the tragedians' version that the disasters piled one upon another so speedily that prophecy was fulfilled within a single Act. In the world to-day, it is as if the tragedians had taken over real life and all the world become their stage. It was not difficult to point out, during the wartime Vansittart controversy, that to declare all Germans butcher-birds and rely on propaganda instead of policy was to ensure that after the war we should be repeating our first world war error of falling over backwards in admiring and rebuilding Germany. Those who said this during the war were called "soft"; if we thought it foolish wantonly to destroy German cities we were accused of not wanting to be beastly to the Germans. Yet to-day, less than five years after the German surrender, we face the ominous fact of a British officer writing a biography of a German general in tones of uncritical adulation and receiving not brickbats but bouquets for the performance. Shop windows are actually displaying the giant figure of a mighty hero leading his troops to victory—victory over the British. The caption is "Rommel is Here!" Rommel, who was Hitler's personal protégé and appointed to look after the Führer's safety, was somehow or other not a Nazi, but merely an admirer of Hitler! On that basis, I defy you to find any Nazis in Germany to-day—they were all honourable men. The gas ovens specialists were merely decent fellows misled into temporary acceptance of Nazi philosophy by their reverence for their great spiritual leader. The most alarming feature of this affair is that, with a very few exceptions, the distinguished British reviewers of this dangerous book have accepted with enthusiasm the picture painted by Brigadier Young, and joined in the task of building up a mythical picture of a great general, forgetful perhaps that if the followers of Mr. Chamberlain in 1938 had had their way, Rommel might to-day be inspecting a Blackshirts' parade in Whitehall.

* * *

A young Liberal candidate in Scotland was asked by a heckler whether he had fought in the Forty-Five campaign. "No," he said, "that was my great-great-grandfather."

CRITIC

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

Heredity plays an important part in politics . . . many young men and women . . . remember that they come, not of Socialist, but Liberal stock.—Mr. Philip Fothergill, January 31.

Come lasses and lads and vote like your dads,
Like father child should be;
What's bred in the bone must out in the vote—
No apple falls far from the tree.

Let no Liberal stray to the Socialist way,
Such trends should be nipped in the bud;
Be true to the Liberal breed, my lads,
And follow the call of the blood.

The Radical strains flow strong in your veins,
You are chips of the good old block,
So keep to the road your fathers trod—
True scions of Liberal stock.

Let Radical roots bear Liberal fruits—
The plant is a sturdy growth.
For blood is thicker than water, lads,
And bilge is thicker than both.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Provision of lockers for the use of workmen at the sewage works has been suggested by the Sewage Purification Committee as a suitable manner of commemorating the Festival of Britain.—*Ashton-under-Lyne Reporter.* (R. Melias.)

The first suggestion of a middle class appears in 1414, when Robert Erdeswyke, of Stafford, charged with housebreaking and murder, was described as a gentleman.—Letter in *The Times Lit. Supp.* (Stanley Clear.)

I have been a regular paying visitor to Stamford Bridge for many many moons, but owing to my stature (only 5ft. 3in.) I never see much of any match. Why do I go? Is it because that, no matter how much of the game is blocked from my view, there is the satisfaction in feeling that I have not missed much?—Letter in *News Chronicle.* (C. R. H.)

2668. That Committee is wound up, is it?—It has never been officially wound up, but it just does not meet.

2669. Has it any responsibilty at all?—(*Mr. Edwards.*) Yes, because it produces every month a periodical progress report.—Select Committee on Estimates. (M. V. Osmond.)

Only a few weeks ago a client of mine rang for my advice as he thought the outlook was very bleak. An appointment was made; after two short interviews he invested £10,000, each for himself and his wife, and from this special annuity they now have an income of £1,565 per annum, free of tax, without any further need to worry.—Advt. in *The Times.* (F. Ali-Khan.)

Over The Border

No political slogan could be more relevant to Scottish needs than the straightforward promise of "Work, Food and Homes." In the past, Scotland has gone short of all three necessities. Clydeside was a synonym for chronic unemployment, hunger and abominable slums, and conditions were not much better throughout the country. War came to the rescue, gave work and the chance to raise health and nutrition standards. But ten years of comparative prosperity, five of them under Labour rule, have not been enough to remove the sense of insecurity or to wipe out the memories of a bitter generation.

This is the background of Scottish politics to-day, and campaign promises are tested against it with grim scepticism. "Will the work last?" is the question Scots workers ask most frequently, and they point to unemployment figures which, exceptionally low at the total of 67,000, are proportionately more than twice the level for England. Already, skilled workers are leaving the shipyards and finding more secure jobs in light industry and apprentices are harder to come by in the trades worst hit by the last slump. Food, for families brought up on bread and cocoa, is much more a matter of family income than of rations, which provide a better diet than they could afford to buy in the 'thirties. It is Slump, not Strachey, that worries the housewife.

Scotland has enjoyed its first long spell of full employment since 1918, but for those who have once known the dole, optimism is tempered by the nagging doubt that neither Labour nor the Tories are capable of warding off bad times indefinitely, whatever they may say at election meetings. Somehow, the Welfare State seems to have made less impact on Scotland, though workers of all kinds are well aware of the advances that have been made. The wage-freeze apart, Labour's economic policy is generally understood and supported. The cash benefits of the social services are appreciated, even if working-class housewives, accustomed to keeping a close eye on the family budget, are quick to point out that they are largely swallowed up by the increased cost-of-living. Yet Labour's achievements seem less obvious than they do in England.

One reason is simple: there was and still is so much more to be done in Scotland. Here industrial capitalism ran riot and the wreckage it left behind is strewn from Clyde to Tay. The wreckage is both human and material, and you can measure it by the health and housing statistics. Even now, infantile mortality runs as high as seventy per thousand births in some places, and social diseases are still more widespread and deadly than in England. Though progress is being made, it is not spectacular; and in housing, Scotland is markedly inferior to England: its best housed city is below the standard of the worst in the South.

The "single-ends" of the Gorbals and Cowcaddens are notorious; but many in Dundee are worse, and behind the prim nineteenth-century façade of Dumfries, there are stinking closes, decrepit and rat-infested. Self-respect and family stability are maintained in spite of appalling handicaps. In Partick, a post-office engineer with a wife and two children showed me the room in which all four live. Damp and dry rot had spread from the walls to the furnishings. He had vainly tried to check the rats by covering their holes with tin and now had added a dog to their confined quarters on the advice of the sanitary inspector, an official who confessed himself unable to do anything about the sordid outside privy, used by twenty-four people, or about the condition of the house as a whole. This worker was one of nearly 100,000 on Glasgow's waiting list for new homes—a figure that almost exactly equals the total of post-war houses for all Scotland.

In one city after another, the housing problem is the same. At the present rate of building, it would take about twenty years to catch up with the most essential housing needs. Now this, it is true, is more an indictment of pre-war conditions than of Labour's housing record. An average of 20,000 houses has been built every year as against a pre-war average of about 16,000. There has been, moreover, a considerable diversion of building labour and materials to factory extensions and to new plants, as part of the policy of diversifying Scottish industry as an insurance against a new decline in steel and shipbuilding. Scots are well aware that everything cannot be done at once. But their complaint is that, in Scotland, "fair shares" in housing, as in schools and hospitals, have meant equal shares on a per capita basis, whereas Scotland's needs were more urgent and greater than England's.

It is on such issues that national undertones creep into political discussions. Not the partisan separatism of the distillery worker in Dundee who grabbed me by the lapels and swore that the only bloody war he'd fight again would be to drive the English over the Border. But anyone who thinks that national feeling in Scotland is now merely the preserve of sentimental fanatics would do well to spend some time talking to ordinary people in the towns or in the countryside. There is a widespread, incoherent sense of national frustration, a belief that Scotland is contributing more than it receives, a desire for greater self-government, which find expression in the signatures, now almost a million, to the Covenant.

Politically, this may be of some use to the Liberals, who are making much of their demand for a Scottish Parliament, in spite of the Tories' derision of the "Welsh-English remnant." It may win a few votes for the Tories themselves, many of whom have locally canvassed signatures to the Covenant, though their official policy is a Royal Commission to study the problem. But, traditionally, Scottish nationalism has been radical, and the present feeling has been evoked in good measure by the failure of the Labour Party to live up to specific pledges given in the lean years of opposition and to the general assumption that something would be done about devolution once there was a Labour majority in Westminster. What is more, the Secretary of State, Arthur Woodburn, went out of his way to excoriate all forms of nationalism in an ill-timed and unfortunate speech last year, much to the dismay of that part of the Labour movement which, for a generation, has made some kind of self-government an integral part of Labour's programme for Scotland.

The Labour movement, indeed, is not in a particularly healthy condition in Scotland to-day. Its membership is often apathetic, certainly ageing. The crusading fire has gone out of it. Its office-holders in too many places are complacent and narrow-minded. There are constituencies—particularly in the more rural areas, where there are signs of increased support for the Labour Government—which could be weaned away from the Tories if they were properly organised and the membership given adequate political education. But in both safe and marginal seats, you find the essential work being done by much the same balding and greying group that, in its radical youth, pioneered the first Labour victories.

Everywhere I have been in Scotland, the Tories are out for revenge and have put their backs into winning it. In many divisions, their membership has increased by thousands since 1945, held by whist-drives, billiards tables, dances and also by political convictions and resentments. Their policy is largely negative, but they are determined not to lose votes by default and had completed their envelopes, canvass cards and other election paraphernalia by the end of January—at a time when many Labour branches were still trying to round up their old faithfuls for the same tasks.

The Scottish voting pattern has been fairly stable. The industrial areas of the central belt are normally Labour, sandwiched between Tory constituencies along the Border and in the Highlands. But there are sizable Labour

minorities in many rural areas, and there are few Labour seats where the Tories have a hopelessly low poll. Around Glasgow, at worst, they can always rely upon some Orange votes from the working class. It follows that a switch of about a thousand votes, either way, would upset a number of decisions. Such upsets, indeed, are the more likely since redistribution, which seems generally to have favoured the Tories in Scotland. Last time, on a poll below the English average, Labour gained 17 seats, bringing its total to 37; the Tories held 30. A very small shift could be enough to reverse these figures, and it is possible that Labour could poll more than the Tories and win fewer seats. Prophecy is made more hazardous by the entry of Liberals into more than half the contests.

Labour may hold its ground in Scotland; for, within limits, its achievements are genuine. It has helped the rural areas and begun to do something for the Highlands. It has brought in new industries to diversify the economic pattern. In Dundee, for instance, the old dependence upon jute has gone, the proportion of the population employed in the mills having fallen from a half to a quarter. These things matter in a town which had 14,000 workless just before the war. Yet storm signals have been hoisted for those who care to see them. National feeling will not be a decisive issue in this election. But unless Labour produces a more imaginative Scottish policy, and unless something is done to regenerate the Labour movement in Scotland, party loyalty will not be enough next time. NORMAN MACKENZIE

Greece: Trade Union Tragedy

"GREECE," it is written in the latest progress report of the Marshall Aid Mission now entering its third year in Athens, "is a constitutional monarchy very similar to England." Even the Foreign Office might find this compliment to its Greek policy a little fulsome. It is apt to fend off liberal-minded inquirers by saying that the regime which British and American intervention has imposed will in time develop towards parliamentary democracy in the Western sense. But what sounds plausible in London has a way of ringing false "in the field." The nearer one comes to Athens the less one hears of democracy and the more of strategic interest, until, once there, the mention of democracy tends to be met with an amused laugh and an invitation to another drink.

The principal reason for this cynicism about the capacity of the Athens regime to grow deeper and broader, until the people of Greece can really govern themselves, is easy enough to find. It is not that modern Greece is comparatively new to independence and the opportunity of self-government, nor that the Greeks are abnormally "political," irresponsible, short-tempered, and corrupt, nor any of the customary *clichés* of the general run of travel books. It is simply that there appears to be no single man now ruling Greece, as far as I can discover or the published evidence has shown, who wants this broadening and deepening to come about or sees the need for much substantial change. The clearest proof of this, perhaps, is the decision to hold a General Election this month under martial law.

Greeks will vote with the knowledge that anyone suspected of entertaining Left-wing or even liberal sentiments is liable to summary arrest by the police and incarceration on the island of Makronessos (or, for women, on that of Trikkeri) for an indefinite period. Of the scores of "parties" in the field there is only one—the E.L.D. (Socialist) Party—which can claim (and that with little confidence) to speak for the working people of the country; and the E.L.D., as its leaders frankly admit, can hope to reach the electorate only in central Athens, Piraeus and perhaps Salonica.

A Government anxious to promote democracy would not insist upon an electoral campaign being held under severe martial law. But a still clearer indication of the disgraceful condition of Greek political life can be had from observation of the trade union movement. Repeated efforts have been made, the Foreign Office argues, to inculcate in Greeks "a fuller conception of trade unionism." Mr. Bevin has had the Feather Mission, the Braine Mission and other would-be educators for weeks at a time in Athens; the Americans have had Mr. Irving Brown of the A.F. of L., and people from the C.I.O. All have tried to put the Greek trade unions on a "sound administrative and organisational basis"—while being careful, of course, and faithful to every British precedent, to keep the movement "non-political." Undeniably, the results are lamentable.

To say that the Greek trade union movement is a travesty of what it ought to be is an understatement. Almost none of the essential features of the Government-run unionism of the Metaxas dictatorship has disappeared. Collective bargaining, it is true, was established in December, 1947, after heavy Western pressure and in the face of mounting unrest among the rank-and-file. Thereupon the Athens Government, scared at the threat of strikes by half-starving workers and civil servants, rushed through a law providing for the death penalty for leaders of strikes and officials whose unions might join a strike. Only in April, 1948, could the Government be got to repeal this law. Even so, the "Decree Three" of martial law continues to make it a mere matter of police decision that any trade unionist should be imprisoned without charge or trial.

Trade unionism has degenerated until there is left no sense of solidarity, no faith that Labour may eventually grow strong enough to take its share in governing the country. Nobody knows exactly how many unionists there may be, nor even how many unions. No voluntary dues are paid by members; income is provided by way of the employers, who are under obligation to deduct 1,000 drachmae (about sixpence at the formal rate of exchange) a month from every employee's wage. Of this sum 400 drachmae go to the central offices of the General Confederation of Labour, 300 to the local Workers' Centre, 200 to the individual wage-earner's union, and 100 to a pension fund.

Large sums of money go to those who actually control the unions. These men are now, almost without exception, nominees or delegates of the ruling political parties. The Secretary-general of the Confederation, for example, is Makris, a Populist (Right-wing Conservative) Member of Parliament and the faithful supporter of a regime which has done its best to stifle trade union militancy. So is Theocharides, also a secretary of the Confederation; so are Kalomiris, Antypas, and others in positions of control or influence. Trade union liberties have practically ceased to exist. The law provides that policemen must be present at every gathering of workers in a closed room.

Unions abound. Many are quite bogus—such as "The Association of Ruined Bus Owners," "The Union of Wronged and Misled Workers," "The Pan-Hellenic Union of War-Stricken Professional Motorists," and others equally bizarre. Some of these are not unions but professional associations; yet nobody can say where the line between these two is drawn. Any group of 20 workers may form a union; and—a key point—representation at Congress is by one delegate for every union with from 25-500 members. This means that the smaller unions, pullulating in every city, swamp the larger and the genuine unions—with consequences certainly not displeasing to the Government.

From time to time, true enough, the leaders of these "trade unions" go through the motions of industrial agitation. But strikes in these circumstances can do little or nothing to alleviate the penury of wage-earners. Just what this penury amounts to may be seen from an admirable survey conducted early in 1949 by the Labour and Manpower Division—under the energetic direction of Mr. Alan Strachan of the C.I.O.—of the Marshall Aid Mission to Greece. Detailed inquiries of 500 families (of which 350 were in Athens-Piraeus) revealed that "approximately two-thirds of the expenditure pattern consisted of food." For such a high rate of spending on food, one might suppose, these families would eat well. Yet the food habits of one family "considered to be of a relatively good standard" were described as follows:—

> This family cooks once per day a principal dish. This dish is usually macaroni, fish, pulses, or vegetables. Rice and meat are luxuries. They haven't had meat for two months. The breakfast is usually tea or milk.

Families "considered of a relatively bad standard" appear to have scarcely eaten at all. Forty per cent. of these 500 families were found to be living in "poor houses." One such family, "consisting of six members, is living in a damp basement without sun or daylight. This basement had a single room of ten feet by twelve feet, and the house's furniture was only an old single bed where the mother and the three children slept. The rest of the family slept on the cement floor, using two old sacks as mattresses." And all this, be it noted, with Marshall Aid arriving at the current rate of an average of one million dollars a day.

The persistence of such penury cannot be excused on the grounds that the Government has been busy with a civil war. The penury is chronic. It existed under Metaxas; it continues to exist under the successors of Metaxas, and nothing serious is done to abolish it. To force an improvement the working people must rely upon trade union leaders who are hand-in-glove with the employers. Under the cloak of "fighting Communism"—of keeping the movement "non-political"—the regime has in fact brought the trade unions under strict political control by its stooges and supporters.

It is rather as if the British workers of fifty years ago, instead of persisting in the formation of their own political party to fight for them in Parliament, had found themselves bereft of every fighting figure in their movement, had accepted extreme Tory nominees for every post of union leadership, and had suffered imprisonment on some barren island off the west coast of Scotland for any "unofficial" or "political activity" they might then have undertaken. Under such conditions democracy would have remained a mockery in Britain.

BASIL DAVIDSON

So They Say . . .

FOOD being a subject of considerable interest to most people, the *Daily Express* must have had a wide readership for its fascinating serial over the past fortnight: *Germany, Land of Gastronomes*. It is a saga of stout-hearted editorial persistence in the face of stern opposition—even, at times, from the Germans themselves.

The story opens on January 16, when the front page of the *Express* was headlined: "GERMANY: TOO MUCH MEAT—RATION CARDS UNUSED . . . Shops are overflowing with food supplies. No shopkeeper asks for coupons . . ." Next day there followed: "GERMANS END RATIONING . . . food shops better stocked than for many years."

Then came the explanations (January 19): "HOW THE GERMANS DID IT . . . Food Minister Wilhelm Niklas . . . gave this advice to Britain to-day: 'Throw away your ration books and try free enterprise. Then maybe you will be able to eat like us.'" The *Express* editorialised (January 21): "Britain is the last country with a full-scale Food Ministry outside the Iron Curtain." (Edith Summerskill's speech comparing the wages and shopping prices of Britons and Germans was not reported.) Two days later a feature article proclaimed that Mr. Strachey's "insistence, in the face of facts, that Britons are eating better . . . than their no-longer-rationed neighbours on the Continent is comparable only with . . . Hitler's denunciation of Chamberlain as a war-monger."

On January 24 came a new broadside: "FOOD: THE GERMANS REPLY . . . the German Trades Union Congress . . . said: 'We welcome the end of rationing. The men welcome it too.'" Next day the same feature writer reported: "Germans of all income groups . . . are indulging in an eating orgy." Low down on the front page readers observed: "There was another development to-day. Germany's T.U.C. disowned one of its senior officials . . . who yesterday told the *Daily Express* that the T.U.C. and its millions of workers welcome the end of rationing." There was, however, not a word from Hans Boeckler, chairman of the T.U.C., who received front-page splash treatment in the *Daily Herald*: "GERMAN T.U.C. BUSTS THE TORY ELECTION STUNT—'WE WILL FIGHT DERATIONING.'"

Nothing daunted, on January 26 the *Express* invited Britain's food administrators to visit Germany—"Dear Auntie Edith," if not Mr. Strachey. Next day, having front-paged a *Manchester Guardian* editorial which quoted the *Yorkshire Post* as saying that Britain was much nearer the pre-war standard of living than Germany, the *Express* invited "readers' comments"—stimulating them with a headline: "GERMAN PORK, EGGS CHEAPER." There was no mention in the *Express* of the German Government's decision to raise the price of butter to 5s. 1d.

The final chapter of the story (to date) was written on January 30, when the *Express* headlined a story from Dusseldorf: "GERMANS GO GAY ON SALMON AND EGGS." But so interested in this spectacle was the *Express* correspondent that he missed another story that day from the same city—*vide* the *News Chronicle*: "GERMANS SQUANDER M-AID—E.C.A. REPORT . . . it also gives a warning that people in the lowest income groups can afford little more than they were able to buy under rationing." The *Express* also inexplicably overlooked another story, carried by the *Daily Mail*:

GERMAN FOOD—BY A GERMAN NEWSPAPER

Six million Germans in the Western Zone are living on about 35s. a week, and can buy little of the ration-free but dear food piled high in German shops, the *Hamburger Echo* declared to-day . . .

AUTOLYCUS

Divided Germany

III. WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

"IF you *must* venture east of the Potsdamer Platz," I was warned by West Berliners, "you will find the very faces of the people changed, to say nothing of their clothes and habits. You'll find them thoroughly proletarianised." They certainly are; indeed, among the Eastern leaders one finds a sort of inverted snobbery in the eagerness to shed the tie and collar of the bourgeoisie, while maintaining the more tangible amenities of the good life. But you have to go East for nearly all the good theatre shows, to say nothing of opera and music. The audiences are not elegant, to be sure; but, ties or no ties—they are missing in the stalls even more than in the gallery—there are eagerly appreciative audiences.

A fast car will take you in ten minutes from one world to another—the Greifi Bar among the glittering lights of the Kurfürstendamm. There the cabaret show is *Totoritis*—a brilliant skit on Western Germany's latest craze, football pools; very anti-East, of course, but equally disrespectful of the Western Allies and Bonn and even the Nazis. In the audience, all males—even the hierarchs from the East—wear collar and tie. For the privilege of hanging your hat and coat among all those minks you pay about as much as for a stall in the East Sector's *Deutsches Theater*. Other prices are commensurate. Your West Berlin friends whisper that people "manage it" by discreet tax evasion. Your Easterner adds that they would get short shrift in an Eastern Court of Law.

I saw something of East Berlin's legal procedure. Strolling into a Juvenile Court I found the judge upbraiding two boys accused of stealing brass fittings from a railway train: "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Swiping public property! Why, it's even worse than picking private pockets!" The boys got off with a very light sentence and were persuaded (not ordered) to go to a Youth Hostel. I watched a succession of other juvenile offenders pass before the same judge, boys and girls mostly guilty of vagrancy and petty theft, each of them unthawed with the same human, homely touch—a pinch of ideology added to the Wilfred Pickles approach—each case carefully analysed for its family and social background, and leniently dealt with in a curative rather than punitive manner.

That judge was a middle-aged woman and, like 50 per cent of her fellow-judges and 60 per cent of the public prosecutors, she had chosen her profession since the war, graduating in one of the one-year-"cramming" courses for *Volksrichter*. Their status is analogous to that of the *Neulehrer*; and in both the legal and the teaching profession the original aim was the speedy replacement of the very high percentage (80-90) of "purged" Nazis: the authorities decided to compromise on professional standards rather than ideological reliability. But while the appointment of *Neulehrer* was a temporary, emergency measure, the *Volksrichter* is to remain as a permanent and important feature of the Republic's legal reform.

It has been decided that, for a judge or public prosecutor, common sense and practical knowledge of the world are more important than extreme legal erudition; hence the future generation of East Germany's practising lawyers and law officers will have their theoretical studies cut short to a couple of years at the *Centrale Richterschule* (with Political Economy high up in the curriculum), while the more orthodox University education will be left to those who wish to specialise in some form of law or to adopt an academic career.

In the West, among learned members of both the legal and the teaching professions, I heard much sneering about the impossibility of replacing a thorough University education by a year to two of "cramming" with a lot of ideological bias thrown in. I saw a good many *Neulehrer* and *Volksrichter* at work; and, while their "ideological reliability" is deplorably indubitable, I cannot but respect the professional standards of those I have seen. Most of them chose their profession at a mature age, and any lack of erudition is made up for by their eagerness to continue learning even while in office. I attended Court cases where both judge and prosecutor were "amateurs." They were most conscientious, not above taking legal advice from defending counsel, and above all, they had a pleasingly

"human touch" with accused and witnesses, altogether different from the arrogant *hauteur* customary in West German Courts.

Even at a fairly high Appeal Court, I found the presiding judge a *Volksrichter*. This was a "political" case dealing with the desecration of a statue erected to the victims of Fascism. The trial was very fair and lasted several days; the two men in the dock won their appeal by evidence that they were mere accomplices, the principal culprit being hidden in Western Berlin. While Eastern and Western police co-operate to a certain extent and generally extradite in cases of ordinary crime, they refuse to do so whenever politics are involved. In this case the Western argument would be that, if extradited, the man (who acted under the influence of drink) would be punished with incommensurate harshness.

I have seen evidence of cruelty meted out in the East to real or alleged political opponents, to whom scant mercy is shown; but I have also seen evidence of wild exaggeration or sheer invention by "refugees" seeking the cloak (and benefits) of political martyrdom as a welcome escape from petty crimes committed in the East. "In the *Demokratische Republik* we have complete freedom of opinion," one of the leaders told me as pompously as if he were addressing a mass-meeting, "but of course, whoever breaks the law by acting on opinions held to be criminal, is lawfully punished." No doubt about this, where adults are concerned; no doubt either about the genuineness of the efforts to rehabilitate wayward youth—to say nothing about capturing the minds of children.

I went to a *Jugendheim*, one of many, splendidly equipped and open to all children, irrespective of father's party ticket. I saw the children happily and sensibly busied with their tools and games and toys. A pretty flaxen-haired girl was pointed out as the best at writing. She did write beautifully; and, as I glanced over her shoulder to see what she was copying out so assiduously, I hoped it was something about her dolls or the new playground. It was about Stalin's birthday.

Pioniere (the 6-14 Youth Organisation) happened to be celebrating their anniversary in the Opera House. I said I disliked parades and I would much rather go to some small school or hostel. I was told I mustn't miss the big event. It would be a revelation. It was: Pieck, Ulbricht and every other leader greeted by wild applause—frenetic whenever anybody mentioned Russia—and everybody obviously enjoying every moment of it. I remarked to my guide that the blue shirt and Boy Scout scarf looked much nicer than the Hitler-Youth uniform. I was sternly reminded that this wasn't a uniform at all. Just a blue shirt, *das Ehrenkleid des Arbeiters*. But the uniformed minds—what about them? And what about the West, where the young are being taught by all the old Nazi teachers—all back now, more truculent than ever after "de-Nazification"?

I hate to think of the youngsters, East or West. Germany's future rests with the young men, Nazi or otherwise, who fought and are still sick to death of war. Some of them have begun to think for themselves and, East or West, they have reached a good healthy scepticism which, coupled with their gluttony for work, is not a bad beginning. The most encouraging young German I met during my visit was, five years ago, a "suicide squad" parachutist, who miraculously survived the siege of Berlin, to accomplish a slow process of "de-Nazification" and "re-education"—a painful job but all done in his own way and thereby effective. That lad is only 21 now, but he has learned to think independently. So have a good many others; and though, East and West, they are a minority, they merit help in creating economic conditions conducive to the hard labour of independent thinking.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

The Shortage of Teachers

The writer of this plea for re-consideration of the status of school-teachers is High Master of the Manchester Grammar School.

IT is becoming increasingly clear that the shortage of highly qualified graduates in the schools threatens to have very grave national consequences. The problem has existed since the war: attention has been drawn to it repeatedly in letters to the press and in conferences. But in the educational meetings of the last few weeks it has been commented upon with a new urgency—usually in connection with the demand for increased salaries for all teachers which has just been rejected. There is, of course, a close relation between salaries and the supply of teachers, but since the shortage is now mainly felt among graduates in Grammar schools and is particularly acute in certain subjects, an all-round increase implies an over-simple view.

There are two problems involved. The first is a long-term question of quality. Very few really first-class people are going into teaching, whatever their subject. We must not be misled by the fact that the average level of competence in Grammar-school teachers is probably much higher than it was thirty years ago; it is also unfortunately true that there is no longer the same recruitment of a minority of outstanding scholars and remarkable personalities prepared to stay in the schools.

The second question is an immediate one. In some subjects, particularly science and mathematics, there are often simply no candidates at all for a vacant post. Even in the most distinguished schools there is the greatest difficulty in obtaining suitable men and women; in the county Grammar schools it is no exaggeration to say that some subjects are in danger of dropping out of the school curriculum, even if they have not already done so, that there are vacancies that have not been filled for years, and that even where it is possible to make appointments they are often of people utterly incompetent to teach up to the level that their pupils have a right to expect. The full impact of these conditions may not be felt for some years. But as the older men retire, as more of the better young men desert the schools, the fall in the numbers and quality of their successors will be plain enough in the standard of university entrants.

In order to understand the nature of the problem, it is worth while to glance at the reasons for this shortage of good graduate teachers. First, it is clear that there are to-day far more openings for the graduate than there were twenty years ago. The expansion of the civil service is obvious enough. The creation of practically the entire scientific civil service is less obvious but even more drastic in its effects on the schools. The expansion of the universities does, it is true, increase the total number of graduates, but there is evidence that it does not appreciably increase the number of first-class people, and many more of those are required by the very process of university expansion itself.

Industry to-day absorbs every well-qualified graduate in science, particularly in chemistry, that it can attract. If it were possible before the war to complain that British industry did not fully understand the importance of the scientist in research and administration, that is no longer remotely true. Further, the more enlightened concerns are now aware of the value of the really good arts graduate. In addition, organisations like the B.B.C. and the British Council recruit great numbers of precisely those people who would formerly have taught in Grammar schools, or who have actually been teachers for a short time. All these are admirable and inevitable developments. But they may well create a situation that is catastrophic for the schools and ultimately for the nation, unless means are found to retain at any rate a few of the best men in teaching.

There are other developments, which are removing the good teacher from the schools, that we can contemplate with less resignation. Perhaps no change in the educational scene has been more marked in the last few years than the growth of administrative staffs, not in the Ministry itself, but in the Local Education Authorities. The administrative assistants, the organisers of every kind, the divisional education officers have become an army. The majority of them are recruited from the staffs of Grammar schools, and they include some of the ablest and most forceful young men. Further, though their work is of obvious value in some directions, in others their existence brings fresh problems to the schools. Decisions which they now take were often formerly taken by the individual schools; power which they now wield was previously exercised by individual teachers. There is no doubt that in many of the county Grammar schools there is to-day a feeling of frustration, of being over-administered, that leads a number of good men to forsake the actual business of teaching and seek "promotion" to the administrative service, in which, in any case, the salaries are higher.

No less marked has been the growth of posts on the academic side of education, in university institutes of education and training colleges. Here again part of the expansion is desirable and inevitable, but it is surely time that we asked ourselves frankly whether an able young

man is better employed in teaching a Sixth Form or in teaching other teachers how to use visual aids. Nor is much research in education going to have a great deal of point if the quality of the actual teachers in the schools is inadequate. We are in danger of producing a state of affairs in which fourth rate men and women in the schools are over-administered and over-lectured by an army of the better ex-teachers. It is at least doubtful whether such a system is in the best interests of the nation's children.

It cannot be too clearly realised that the position now developing makes nonsense of many of our plans and of much of our educational idealism. University expansion has hitherto been achieved with no very great loss of quality; it cannot be maintained, still less extended, unless better recruits are available for teaching. We deplore the lack of general education possessed by many of those leaving our schools; the situation will deteriorate rather than improve, for no teacher can inspire broad interests he does not possess, and a wide culture will scarcely be found in the third-class rejects of other professions.

What remedies can be proposed for this threat to our economic and cultural standards? First, there is a duty upon all those who have to deal with young men and women of ability that they should urge the claims of teaching as a career. The teachers in the schools must themselves break through their disillusionment and proclaim that here is a calling that, in spite of every disadvantage, makes the highest demands on the skill and devotion of any man or woman. In the universities, too, encouragement must be given to the gifted as well as to the mediocre to teach. Too often has one heard the phrase: "You're too good for teaching." Secondly, we must call a halt to the process of swelling administrative staffs, and revitalise the county Grammar schools by transferring to them some of the responsibilities now discharged by officials. Thirdly, and most important, we come to the problem of salaries.

We may applaud or deplore the recent decision to reject a claim for an increase in salary for all teachers on the Burnham scale. But it is almost impossible not to be convinced that, unless there is some striking improvement in the salaries offered to men of high academic qualifications in teaching, then very soon there will be few such men left. It is irrelevant to argue that the man with a two-year training in a secondary modern school may be a better teacher and have a harder job than the first-class graduate in a Grammar school, though it is not very likely that either statement is true. The immediately important fact is that, for the man with high academic qualifications, there is the fiercest competition by occupations outside teaching; they offer him financial inducements that we can scarcely expect him to resist. It is folly to rest salary policy on the assumption that the word "teacher" is an incantation that confers virtual equality on all who bear it. The salaries of school-teachers represent a victory of equalitarianism. It will be a hollow victory if it drives the ablest men and women from the profession and confirms the superiority of those schools outside the State system.

It is of the first importance that we should not regard this problem as a purely educational one. Every circumstance of modern society imposes greater burdens upon the trained intelligence of the most able. From our Grammar-school Sixth Forms must come the administrators, the research workers, and the technologists upon whom our economic future rests, to say nothing of the writers and parsons and the teachers themselves. It is sheer stupidity, as well as gross injustice, to deny to the most able of our boys and girls the knowledge and the stimulus of individuals of high intellectual quality. The schools can never expect to keep very many of them; at present we are near the time when the majority of our schools will have none.

ERIC JAMES

Cows Are So Human

WHEN I started dairy farming at Michaelmas, 1945, with a T.T. (tuberculin-tested) herd of Shorthorns, I knew very little about the domestic life of the milch cow and even less about the habits of the dairy bull. I was blithe enough to believe that it would be easy to learn it all at first hand, but I soon discovered that no farmer had any intention of letting me prise open his store of farm knowledge. The brotherhood of the land was, I knew, a silent order, but at the mere sight of a townsman it became a sinister secret society, an underground "resistance" movement working to lead the innocent astray and, if possible, to involve him in some frightful disaster. As far as my own village was concerned, I might have been an alien occupation force, speaking some hated foreign language.

The hostility of the neighbouring farmers was apparently aroused when I built a smart new dairy, equipped with an electrically operated milking plant at a cost (they knew it all) of over £2,000. Obviously, they thought, I was one of those rich "know-alls" from the City, who must be taught a lesson. Their opportunity came when I had to buy or hire their equipment or supplies. The prices they charged suggested that a drastic devaluation of the pound had been secretly arranged for them overnight by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

If I had been superstitious, I would have imagined that my neighbours were practising black magic. Dairy-minded Gremlins began to cause mysterious break-downs in the electrical plant. The cows would be standing in the milking parlour waiting to be milked, some with bursting udders, when suddenly the power would fail for no apparent reason. It was agonising to see the milk dripping from their teats while the foreman tried to get the machine started.

I was very proud of an ingenious watering system whereby the cows, when they drank at the trough in the dairy yard, automatically switched on the submersible electric pump in a deep well, which thereupon pumped up fresh water to the tank (actually a simple ball-control device). The easy virtue of it must have annoyed the local inhabitants who were in league with the powers of darkness against me; for, in the middle of a mild thunderstorm one August, a vicious flash of lightning went down the well, burnt out the automatic pump, and forced me to pump water by hand for the next four months, while the manufacturers dallied with the repairs. The satisfaction of my neighbours was scarcely veiled.

The difference between the mathematical theory of dairy farming and the actual flow of milk observed running over the cooler into the churns would have puzzled even Professor Einstein. Myself, I could invent no formula to explain the mysteries of my peculiar milky way. I had based my paper calculations on an investment of forty cows yielding an average dividend of two gallons of milk per cow per day. This was said to be the commercial minimum, the average being spread over "dry" cows as well as cows in milk. I estimated a gross revenue of around £3,500 a year and a net profit of about £1,000 to £1,200.

Alas! I had not allowed for the catastrophics of cow life. I was spared the mass tragedy of contagious abortion, but cow after cow met with some disaster. One died in calving, another succumbed to milk fever, another got drowned in the river, another went "blind" in one teat or quarter, and quite a number became barren. Buying cows as a milking concern at £60 and selling them barren at £20 to £30 was not such a paying proposition.

The period of gestation for the cow is nine months, and I was advised to arrange for the calvings to take place in the late autumn in order to take advantage of the winter rise in the price of milk. This, again, was easier to put on paper than into practice. The bull was always ready to oblige—it was wonderful to watch him perform his duties with piston-like speed and precision—but the cows were so unpredictably feminine that I could never rely on their being impregnated at the right time. In spite of being magnificiently served by the bull, they would often return on heat in another three weeks and so upset all my calculations.

I often wondered whether they behaved in this cussed fashion because they enjoyed being served. I was suspicious of the heifers—they are not "cows" until they have had their second calf—because I had sometimes seen them flirting with the bull, nosing him deliberately and then turning round to give him a bovine "glad eye." But the heifers invariably caught at the first service and did not "return." It was the nonchalant older cows which often ruined my timetable for winter milk.

It was not long before I realised that I would do better if I studied farming books less and the temperament of the individual cow more. I found them all extraordinarily human in their behaviour. The other day, walking down the drive, I became aware of a commotion in the park. I turned and saw a cow actually running—an uncommon event—towards a far-off corner of the field. I climbed the railings to investigate and met the dairy foreman coming from the scene of the disturbance. "Deborah's calved,"

he called. This was a star heifer I had named after my friend, Deborah Kerr, the film actress. The glad news had spread like wildfire—it is amazing how the cow telegraph works—and I saw first one, then another, of the herd begin trotting in the same direction. The excitement was intense. By the time I arrived on the scene of the birth, Deborah was licking her calf, surrounded by a group of admiring mothers and looking as proud as any human parent would be of her first child.

Then an extraordinary thing occurred. Blossom, the oldest and most majestic cow in the herd, pushed her way through the throng—she had been too dignified to join in the running—and with a look at Deborah as much as to say "You know nothing about babies, my girl, you must let me show you," she started to lick the calf herself in a more professional manner. Deborah did not object—she seemed content to be instructed by an old hand. Her self-conscious expression as she turned round to look at her admirers made me realise how foolish I had been not to realise that cows were a bunch of women. From that moment I began to study their individual tastes and dislikes—and to get better results in the churns.

I have now been dairy farming for nearly five years while our social revolution has been sweeping the country. When I was stopped the other day by one of my farmer neighbours for a friendly chat, in which — true to form—he cursed the Government and groused about the weather, I realised that a revolution of a different sort had come to my village. I was no longer a foreigner: I had been accepted into the fraternity of the land.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

The Arts and Entertainment

SPACE IN FRENCH LANDSCAPE

To begin with the very broadest distinctions, we might say that pictorial art has discovered three kinds of spatial significance. First there is the largely undefined (but none the less real) space which is evoked by any graphic sign that can be dignified by the term, *image*. The Altamira animals are often said to be flat: yet even an animal silhouette must, once we have recognised it, inhabit an imagined space, somewhere in front of us; and the scale of such an animal image will go far to determine precisely what distance from the observer the imagined bison is felt to be. An image, however, need not necessarily be figurative, representational, in order to create the sense of a specific spatial context for itself: a Miro design, which may be abstract, has a precise spatial setting.

The second broad category of space in painting centres round the discovery of mathematical perspective. Both before this discovery (at its most worked-out) and after it, when it had ceased to matter – had ceased to be the focus of conscious effort—the reproduction of appearances depended upon evoking, more or less, the spatial relationships of the physical world as these are now understood by scientists. With the exception of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Ganguin the entire contents of the present remarkable "Landscape in French Art" exhibition come within this second category: those three painters must be joined to the contemporary masters of "modern art" as creators of a third type of space—the space which is locked up in a modern image. This differs from the Altamira kind in that the findings of centuries of naturalistic discovery have informed it at every stage. Whether Cubist or Fauve in origin, modern painting is conceptual to a degree that was hitherto unknown. By comparison with all predecessors Cézanne's *Le Château Noir* (number 305) is a compressed shorthand for evoking natural space: and what has followed since has intensified that compression to the point, in many cases, of abandoning all possible reference to the coherent spatial sequences of reality. In other words, modern art has (and with remarkable naturalness) substituted the metaphysical for the physical in the realm of subject matter.

If there is reason to align Poussin with Cézanne or Seurat—as many do now—the essential differences are of course immense. Poussin, desiring to leave no segment of the landscape only vaguely defined, dotted the undulating hillocks of the middle-distance with buildings emphatically geometric and sharp in design (see the marvellous *Orpheus and Eurydice*, 31, from the Louvre; or the Earl of Plymouth's equally fine *The Body of Phocion Carried Out of Athens*, 40). This meant a firm foothold at frequent intervals for perspectival drawing: the less geometric rotundities of earth and trees were less amenable to such perspective—being less susceptible of mathematical translation. Poussin's processes of construction drew more from a knowledge of biological and geological structure than from the optical sensations of the painter himself, one feels—so tightly dovetailed are the segments of form; so airless the resulting canvases, despite their great structural depth. Cézanne, of course, drew for his structural certainty and his incredibly incisive design upon sensation itself. No knowledge of the laws of physical structure was as important, to Cézanne, as an inexplicable but overwhelmingly insistent optical experience: we might call it the experience of optical emotion. While he achieved a static architecture every bit as impressive as Poussin's, Cézanne gains immeasurably by virtue of his immediateness of vision, which confers movement—the "movement," or thrust, of one form against (one might even say "into") the next.

Space in Poussin, then, might be regarded as the sum total, the logical result, of an extremely ingenious arrangement of "thought out" forms, each one dovetailing into the next with remarkable precision. There is that in his landscapes which demands the sort of awesome admiration one feels when confronted by some stupendous feat of mechanical engineering. Poussin's mind was focused upon these forms (of city, tree or mountain) rather than upon anything so indefinable as a direct sensation of space itself, such as we find in Claude. Claude's mountain or sea horizons are infinitely farther off, the sky is higher and the atmosphere more breathable than anything in Poussin's stuffy, well-constructed countries. By comparison Claude's drawing was weak (follow the waterline in almost any of his bays and creeks: it soon goes either uphill or down). But space in his pictures was not a by-product of mathematics: it was a conscious goal; a quality sought and found. Undoubtedly such words as *lyrical* or *poetic* are often used to indicate this loose, open, carefree quality in Claude—as opposed to Poussin. But this is unjust, because the poetic has no such limitations. The mathematical, static, silent, vacuum-surrounded forms of a Poussin landscape have their own poetry—and it is a poetry of great intellectual grandeur: Ruskin's "the abstract glory of colour and form" does something to define it.

Galleries V and VI—"The Eighteenth Century"—show an end of spatial exploration for the time being. Watteau as well as his followers had none of the passion for "the abstract glories": they were masters of the particular. It is not until Corot that the fantastic formulae of the Eighteenth Century, the phantasmagoria of cobwebbed, stage-property elms, begin to dissolve in the light of day. And even then not quite, for Corot's small open-air studies were accompanied by those reversions to formula and sentiment, the large, more consciously constructed pictures. But, at his marvellously candid best, space for Corot was the space of dry, sunlit air, brown land receding into grey then cobalt, to a firm, far, clear horizon. The space was in the colour, as indeed was the form: Corot was a most tentative draughtsman; his touches defined the form as much by virtue of their colour and tone as by their shape.

There is not room to enlarge upon the changes that came about in the consciousness of space with the Impressionists. After Courbet had hardened, deepened, widened and made something more serious and less sweet of the naturalistic space of Corot (though *Seascape*, 194, shows Courbet's veracity of observation at its sweetest) the Impressionists backed increasingly away from those distant, truthful horizons; backed out almost to the picture surface itself. Coming to almost any Impressionist after any of the earlier painters one finds one can no longer swoop into the picture's subject, unconscious of passing any barrier at the picture surface. Yet, though consciousness of this surface is often remarked in Cézanne, few have observed that it is almost as strong in Monet, Sisley, Pissarro and Renoir.

PATRICK HERON

RING ROUND THE MOON

Two French plays in adaptation or translation are now to be seen in London, Molière's *L'Avare* "freely adapted" by Mr. Miles Malleson at the Old Vic, and M. Anouilh's *Invitation au Chateau* translated as *Ring Round the Moon* by Mr. Christopher Fry, at the Globe. Neither version is likely, I think, to be thought entirely satisfactory by those who are familiar with the French originals. But to those who are not I can recommend both: *The Miser* with some qualifications, but the Anouilh wholeheartedly as being quite the most entertaining evening in the theatre that we have been offered for a long time. It provides a flavour quite new to us, but I think it is one that most people will enjoy.

M. Anouilh, besides being a most experienced playwright, is a highly conscious writer, and in this comedy he is playing with the consciousness of his own innate theatricality. He has always been addicted to the double trick of so completely engaging us in his fable that he can afford to remind us that we are in the theatre, and to use this for the echoes, correspondences, overtones that it can give. If, in one of his plays, a young strolling musician in a railway buffet is named Orpheus, then we may be sure that before the end he will have failed to regain a lost Eurydice. If a character of his is called Antigone, then whatever happens between the start and finish, she must die. He states his dramatic premises very definitely for us and he follows them through to their logical conclusions.

Ring Round the Moon states itself from the outset as a fairy tale, and it is fabricated entirely

out of allusions, echoes, memories and distortions of fairy tale figures and situations. Everything about it has the quality of the fabulous. The Ball, where it all takes place, is of the grandest and the personages—a long list—are no less extreme. The rich girl is of the richest, the poor girl of the prettiest and the hero is—a pair of twins. The flamboyant cards are dealt out one after another, but the game must abide by the rules. When the Ball begins, the wicked twin is determined to overset these: he is not in a mood this day to endure the normal order of events. But it can't be allowed. The end is already fixed by the beginning. He may scheme for all he's worth through his cigar smoke: a ballet girl may be passed off as the most beautiful of the débutantes: the gentle twin may moon and mooch and be mistaken for his brother: the millionaire may throw in a whole fortune on behalf of his daughter. But it's all no use. The long arm of coincidence reaches out: a lady's companion and a piano teacher are reunited after years of separation and, by this means, the fairy godmother steers us all back towards the predetermined happy-ever-after ending. That a fairy tale dictates. "*On ne va toujours au conventionel.*"

Such are the terms of this extravagant and witty fantasy. And it may easily be imagined how amusingly they lend themselves to a playwright who is a brilliant inventor of episodes and a master of situation. It may not all work out perfectly satisfactorily as a whole, but M. Anouilh, besides continuously tickling us, has at his command all the tricks for drawing us straight into the heart of each moment as it comes along.

Less easy to give a description of is the tone, the particular flavour. Elegant, ironic, immensely mannered, it performs a skilful intricate figure-skating over the most highly polished of self-conscious surfaces, keeping just on the right side, if it does indeed always do that, of a certain kind of twentyish French chic. (The danger is most acute when the author indulges his special brand of sentimentally simple profundity. For instance: "*La morte est franche, la morte est nette. C'est un imbécile. Mais je lui tire mon chapeau. Elle sait ce qu'elle veut.*" This is an absolutely typical Anouilh passage, which together with many like it has been omitted from this otherwise straightforward version.) Nothing is more difficult to transfer into English theatrical terms than this kind of Frenchness. The style needed for it is not in our tradition. But we can say of the company at the Globe that they make a very spirited attempt indeed. Mr. Oliver Messel gives the piece a splendid push-off with his beautifully suggested Winter-garden set and his farouche Edwardian costumes. Mr. Peter Brook, the producer, keeps the top spinning gaily and prettily (with one sag in the fourth act where some cutting and quickening of pace is wanted); and above all the stage management, so important here, is extremely adroit. More questionable, perhaps, is some of the casting. Mr. Paul Scofield moves through the double role gracefully and with style, though I think he could afford a little more swagger as the wicked twin. Among the smaller parts, Miss Mona Washbourne strikes exactly the right note as the vulgar mother of the poor little poor girl, trying to sell her daughter to society and getting into it herself for one golden moment. But Mr. Cecil Trouncer as the millionaire and Miss Margaret Rutherford as the fairy godmother are not really quite in keeping. I hasten to add that both of them give wonderfully rich and highly enjoyable virtuoso performances—Mr. Trouncer destroying a fortune in five minutes: Miss Rutherford conjuring up for us a spectacular picture of high life as it *really* was. But both of them are a little too deliberate and heavy for such light-tongued comedy. They slow down the pace dangerously at times in the kind of piece where lightness of touch is the very first essential. But all in all this is a very enjoyable evening.

Lightness of touch and style, these are the hardest things to find in English acting at present, and it is perhaps for that reason that Mr. Miles Malleson in his free adaptation of Molière has gone for broad effects. Even so, one longs for it all to move a little faster. Mr. Malleson's own Harpagon is a splendid comic portrait of a bewildered self-defeating old skinflint caught in the maze of a neat comedy of intrigue. The production is what one might call "walkie-talkie," the circumambulating a sofa during speeches being too marked a feature. But it is very prettily mounted and carried through flowingly and with an expert comic timing.

Finally let me strongly recommend the excellent production of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* at the Arts. The play itself is triumphantly passing the test for "problem" plays: the further we are removed from the topicality which first launched it, the more brilliant and effective the play becomes. And to the pleasure of a first-rate play is added the pleasure of a first-rate piece of acting from Miss Brenda Bruce as Vivie. And in a particularly strong cast, Mr. Eric Berry, as the wicked baronet, is almost equally good.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

THE B.B.C. is a consummate *vulgarisateur*. The process goes on at every level—as for example during the interval in the recent recorded broadcast of *Don Giovanni* as sung at last summer's festival in Aix-en-Provence. At such times, if one may believe Calverley, the Prima Donna, smiling herself out, recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout. And one recalls how, in Germany, the *Pause* is the signal, at least among the less affluent and more musically accomplished of the audience, for a stampede for similar refreshment reinforced by chunks of *Wurst*. But at memories of participation in such scenes the B.B.C. would make us blush. No sooner had the curtain (metaphorically speaking) descended than there stepped before it a lecturer in philosophy from Oxford, who proceeded to discuss the opera for twenty minutes. There is surely something slightly owlish in this cultural *embarras de richesse*, and it would have appeared decidedly odd to Mozart's first audience in Prague. Moreover it was a little unfair to Isaiah Berlin, whose soft swift brilliance and high unobtrusive polish had no blemish other than untimeliness.

But if in its higher flights the B.B.C. rather forces the pace, this is as nothing to its speed nearer the ground. In the Light Programme's last *Searchlight*, an O.M., an F.R.S. and other persons of eminence competed for possession of the microphone with Ming, a chimpanzee from the London Zoo—all these together, moreover being played off the air in a spirited interlude evoking a woman scientist ruthlessly experimented upon in a pressure chamber. Amid the diversity of topics discussed—all with interpolated dialogues of one sort or another—I quickly felt as bewildered as Ming himself must have done. Ming's own contribution, incidentally, did not extend beyond civil murmurs. In this he wisely modelled himself, I imagine, on his cousin, Sir Oran Haut-ton, when involved with a not dissimilar company of the learned in *Melincourt*.

What of the middle air? An interesting effort of popularisation on the Home Service is the series now in progress of fifteen-minute talks on the English novelists. V. S. Pritchett on Fielding seemed not altogether comfortable with the problem of squaring some degree of utility to the ignorant with some degree of acceptability to the instructed. Tom Hopkinson, who is editor of *Picture Post*, avoided this difficulty by tacitly assuming the role of a Robinson Crusoe upon the vast and fascinating desert island of Richardson's fiction. At the end of this thoroughly professional job a great many people must have felt that they did now know their *Clarissa*—a novel which an avid and practised reader can just get through in seven days and seven nights. It is hard to say where the balance of advantage lies as between these new skyways and the effortful plod of private reading, public lectures, extension courses and debating societies which until the day before yesterday represented the plain man's pathway to knowledge.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"The Miracle," at the Academy
"Intruder in the Dust," at the Ritz

The Miracle runs some forty-five minutes on the screen; during that time Anna Magnani is never, except for a few interleaving seconds, away from it. For the many who must have regretted her disappearance half-way through *Open City* here is its natural complement, and Rosselini, himself director of both films, dedicates this one to her art. It is an astounding performance. Great actresses have come before the camera in the past, but this is the first time, I believe, that such an appearance has carried with it great acting. Its effect is to bring startlingly close flesh and blood! That (we have been warned) is what, no matter its qualities, the cinema can never give us; life perhaps, but life on the run and the bubble, in the raw, the flatly or flittingly real, the accidental—never in the round. Chaplin did—in days before artistry had buttoned up genius—communicate his clown's heartbreak; and Jannings and Laughton, now somewhat derided, at times gave solidity to gross twinkling shadows.

NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

Keeping Left

BY A GROUP OF LABOUR M.P.s*

48 pp. SIXPENCE

The most discussed pamphlet of the election.

KEEPING LEFT is full of facts, figures and arguments and provides answers to many questions.

It is proving of great help to speakers and canvassers.

Read it and send copies to your friends.

* THE GROUP CONSISTS OF: Sir Richard Acland; Donald Bruce; Barbara Castle; Richard Crossman; Harold Davies; Leslie Hale; Tom Horabin; Marcus Lipton; Ian Mikardo; Stephen Swingler; George Wigg and Tom Williams.

SECOND LARGE PRINTING NOW SELLING

All stalls, shops and agents

NEW STATESMAN & NATION

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Holborn 8471

But how rare, how difficult to sustain, were those contacts! Acting on the screen can't usually be staged long enough to gain stature; if it stays, it will dwindle and thin. In a medium both elusive and literal, only the most tireless physical deployment—not the mere voice, hand or eye—can preoccupy us and achieve its unity. This, of course, by a mixture of real and fantastic, and taking us unawares with *himself*, the Charlie jack-in-the-box did; and so also, on the single level of realism, does Anna Magnani. Body, being, self—this is the genius of her performance in *The Miracle*. The camera, as I have said, scarcely leaves her, and whether her director primes or seconds her it would be hard to say. Consider for a moment what *The Miracle* would be with any lesser actress and in any other medium.

On paper, it is the short story of a simple-minded peasant, tending her mountain goats, who welcomes in a passing stranger, St. Joseph; he takes his pleasure, she the vision or visitation of which physically she is hardly aware; her belly grows, she goes to worship and steals an apple, she is mocked and stoned, she drags herself up the stations of the hill to have her baby in sacred confines. That, in print, is a touching enough tale with an underlying irony, on which to insist realistically would be fatal.

On the screen, thanks to the art of director and actress, realism stirs a far deeper pity. Tragedy and not irony clings to this mean figure; since she is there, always amazingly and in every detail there, it is her experience, not our reflection, that crowds in on us. As reported, her story may sound like one out of Voltaire, but the feeling is rather that of Van Gogh who, present at the birth of a calf, describes the night, the huge shed, the men working by lanterns, and adds, "it was pure, holy, a Correggio." Some such simplicity the film instils by relentlessly holding our attention on its flickering point of humanity; and if at the end we are left at all uneasy, as I think we are, it's because this attention has been over-strained. Considered dispassionately, *The Miracle* is a *tour-de-force* that powerfully but precariously holds its own. It achieves its difficult flight. It drops. It has done everything except draw a continuing line in the imagination.

So many films recently have taken to kid gloves and the Negro problem that the thought of yet another may be dismaying. *Intruder in the Dust*, however, falls into quite a different category—that of *The Ox-Bow Incident*—and unravels its story of an old Negro, arrested for murder and nearly lynched, with unpretentious success. Easy sensitive direction by Clarence Brown, and a first-rate performance from Juano Hernandez.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"A Lady Mislaid," at the St. Martin's

Stripped of its stage costume, the lay-figure on which this light-hearted comedy is draped would make for pity and terror, not laughter. There is nothing intrinsically humorous in a police search for a dismembered corpse; and though the only remains unearthed were pre-Roman—Mr. "Smith's" little weakness being bigamy, not murder—there *were* all those evening papers read avidly in the stalls between the acts . . . Still, Mr. Kenneth Horne is a very adept theatrical costumier: his touch is gentle but sure, his dialogue tight and urbane. Admirably produced by Anthony Hawtrey, *A Lady Mislaid* is a fragile piece of fun given distinction by beautiful acting. Ronald Ward invests polygamy with just the right blend of peccant charm and egotism, and Joslin Parlane, as his legitimate wife, is pure "This England." Above all, the evening is "made" by Avice Landone, who plays flawlessly a sentimental lady to whose emotions the defeated—from the Independent candidate robbed of his deposit to the policeman cheated of his corpse—make an irresistible appeal. Wit, looks and voice—Miss Landone has all that it takes.

"The Shaughraun," at the Bedford

Bravo! This seventy-year-old melodrama by "your own original" Dion Boucicault is played straight: the Bedford's audience is permitted to hiss the wicked Squireen without being "cued," and to applaud the happy-go-lucky gallantry of Conn, the Shaughraun, and the chivalry of the gallant English Captain in Fenian-land, for what they are worth. Complete with dear ould Father Dolan, an extremely funny wake over a shamming corpse, lovely colleens whom the wearing of the Green adorns, a jail-break and the waiting schooner in the bay—*The Shaughraun* provides a purgation for all the right (and perhaps some of the wrong) emotions. Bill Shine plays Conn with charm and gusto. As Captain Molineux, Dirk Bogarde was modest and attractive; but (is this the effect of film-acting?) a little more natural than life. Whether or not these old melodramas are worth disinterring, they need full-bodied playing. It is a long way from the Edgware Road of *The Blue Lamp* to the Drury Lane of the 'Eighties.

"The Boy With A Cart," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Faith resists shocks. Nevertheless, those who believe in Mr. Fry will have to lean stoutly on their staffs of faith if they go to see *The Boy With A Cart*. This is an old Sussex legend: simple people, an inspired boy, miraculous building of a church in a village. It's several years since Mr. Fry shaped it into a pastoral play, in his own verse, so there's no reason to expect him to be at his best. He does exhibit here two valuable talents, a sense of theatrical development and a sense of humour. Mary Jerrold makes the most of the second in her interpreting of the young saint's mother, and the part supports and justifies this. Mr. Fry also *exhibits* a power to write verse. His verse is diffuse and tactless: two images instead of one, two birds where one would be memorable. This may be the revelling of a genuine exuberance. It sounds (and reads: texts are on sale in the theatre) more like a clever adaptability, lackadaisical in feeling. The properties of freshness are there, but freshness isn't; and Mr. Fry compels neither mind nor heart. To such a theme this defect is painful. Vigorous whimsy, ever alert for her opportunities, takes them. The inspired boy (Richard Burton) and the simple people are starry-eyed. The hour is long and embarrassing. It would be unfair not to add that the audience (on a distractingly cold night) applauded heartily; so those whose faith is strong should certainly make this pilgrimage. They will also see Barrie's *Shall We Join The Ladies?* played by the same company with charm and deft speed. Ernest Jay, looking like Mr. Punch, was a merrily sinister host.

Paintings and Drawings by Fuseli, at the New Burlington Galleries.

The cult of this curious artist—a Swiss who spent the greater part of his life (1741-1825) in England—was restarted by the Swiss during the 'twenties. More recently Fuseli has won a reputation here in fashionably intellectual circles. We must be grateful to the Arts Council, and to Mr. Nicolas Powell in particular, for bringing together a really excellent and representative show, introduced by an exemplary catalogue. Fuseli's virtues, his faults, his pathological anomalies—all are revealed. "I do not want to build a cottage, but to erect a pyramid," this artist would repeat: like many small men he suffered from *folie de grandeur*. Unfortunately, he had no feeling for oil paint and little ability to conjure with the big surfaces of a canvas. On the other hand, Fuseli's drawings shine with an extraordinary technical virtuosity (e.g., Nos. 53, 55 and 58). Here his acknowledged aim, to crystallise the moment of terror, is nearly always realised in diamond-hard, ice-cold terms. It is significant that of two copies by Fuseli in this exhibition, one is of Ringli in the manner of Urs Graf (31), and the other after Michelangelo (42); for these, with Shakespeare, who was the literary inspiration for this most literary of all artists, were the main components of his manner. This electrical fusion of Gothic and Classic idioms is certainly unique. But even more characteristic and more disturbing are the sinister fetichistic mannerisms that deck out Fuseli's women. Surely these incomparably wicked-looking creatures with their curiously twisted hair, fantastic head-dresses and imperious gestures (e.g. 73, 85 and 93) are the embodiment of Sacher-Masoch's stalwart heroines. Drawings by Fuseli's circle in Rome and by his followers complete an exhibition which nobody should miss.

SURVIVORS

With the ship burning in their eyes
The grey faces float like objects
In the darkness—the water screwing
Oily circles where the hot steel lies.

They clutch with fingers frozen into claws
The lifebelts thrown from a destroyer,
And see between the future's doors
The gasping entrance of the sea.

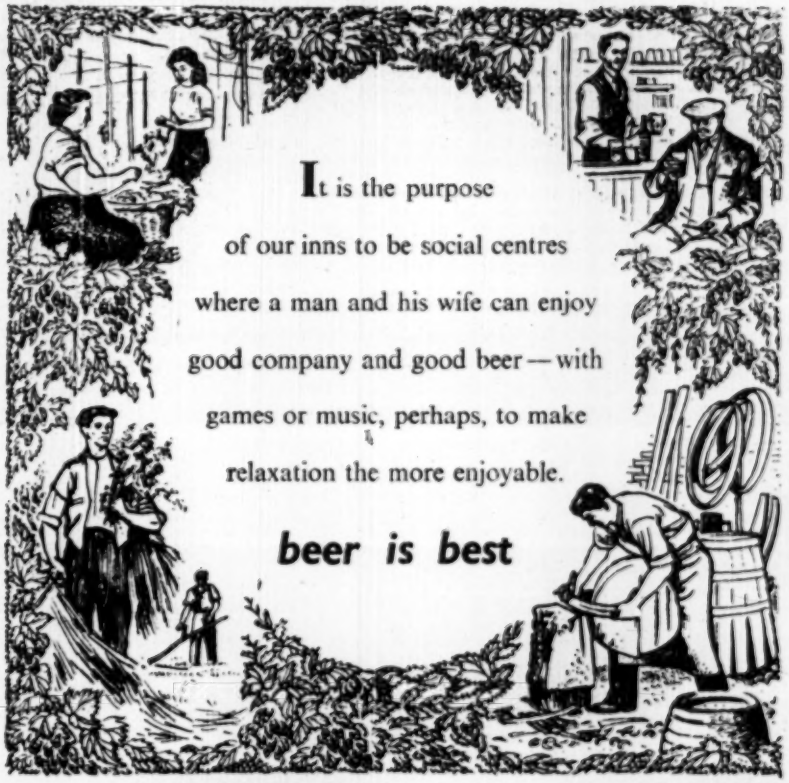
Taken on board as many as lived, who
Had a mind left for living and the ocean,
They open eyes running with surf,
Heavy with the grey ghosts of explosion.

The meaning is not yet clear,
Where daybreak died in the smile
—and the mouth remained stiff
And grinning, stupid for a little while.

But soon they joke, easy and warm,
As men will who have died once
Yet somehow were able to find their way—
Muttering this was not included in their pay.

Later, sleepless at night, the brain spinning
With cracked images, they won't forget
The confusion and the oily dead,
Nor yet the casual knack of living.

1944-1949 ALAN ROSS


It is the purpose
of our inns to be social centres
where a man and his wife can enjoy
good company and good beer — with
games or music, perhaps, to make
relaxation the more enjoyable.
beer is best

For Morning Freshness

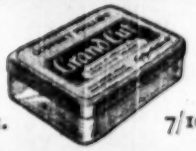
Euthymol TOOTHPASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

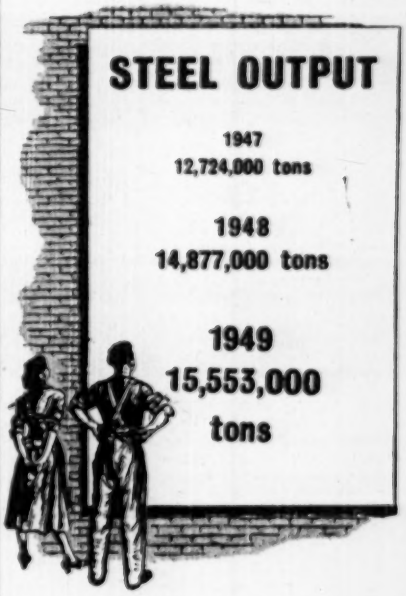
Take my advice. Smoke Grand Cut: it never burns the tongue.'

Grand Cut



2 oz. 7/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED



A record that makes you think

Open competition, willing team work, skilled craftsmanship have once again given the steel industry a year of record output. Co-operation in research and development is keeping British steel supreme in quality and low in price.

STEEL

is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Correspondence

GREEK CHILDREN

SIR,—In his article published on January 14th, Mr. Spencer disputes that the Greek children were abducted and quotes four instances of "willing evacuation" in the Unscob Reports to prove his point. In the very same Reports, however, I find the following:—

> One young woman told the group that on the morning of March 17th twenty guerillas entered her village (Vrisika) and took by force all the children under eighteen years of age, some 180 persons. One child's arm was broken in trying to tear it away from its mother, and the child was left behind. At Ieropiyi, witness saw 250 children collected from villages in vicinity. Mothers and children weeping. Parents parted from children by compulsion. Witness saw ten children taken by force from Kallonì. Witness said guerillas came to Dhipotania to collect children. Two families consented: 22 forciby abducted despite parents' protests. Witness said his child forcibly taken away by the guerillas with all other children aged between two and 15.

Mr. Spencer then cites extracts from the Report of the International Red Cross to prove that some of the Greek children are well looked after by their "hosts," but discreetly ignores the following conclusion in the Report:—

> Whatever may have been the motives determining the evacuation of these children, whatever their living conditions may be in the reception countries, it nevertheless remains true that they are separated from their fathers and mothers and family homes, which nothing and no one can replace.

The case of Yugoslavia is typical of the obstructionism of all the "reception" countries. When the I.R.C. delegates asked for particulars of the children they visited, they were told that "the chief official in charge of the Greek children in Yugoslavia was responsible for the registration." He, in turn, blandly informed them that "he had transmitted all the lists of children to the Greek Committee 'Help the Children' in Budapest." When the delegates asked to visit Hungary, they were refused admission!

The problem is summed up neatly by the I.R.C. in the following words: "If the names of all children accommodated outside Greece could have been communicated to Geneva, the International Committee (of the I.R.C.) and the League (of Red Cross Societies) would very easily have been able to draw up lists for each reception country of the children claimed, by checking them with particulars received from Greece."

In actual fact, Greece alone supplied the lists requested by the I.R.C., and to-day, exactly 14 months after the U.N. Resolution on this question was passed, 138 children have been "identified" in Czechoslovakia: not one Greek child has yet been repatriated.

Mr. Spencer's insinuations about the horror-chamber "re-education" that awaits repatriated children are flatly contradicted by the I.R.C.'s observations regarding children's homes visited in Greece. No differential treatment is applied to children of rebels, prisoners or internees, and they are in no way singled out from their comrades, says the Report: children can be withdrawn from these homes at will.

Despite all kinds of difficulties—movements of population, illiteracy of parents, tracing of next-of-kin, etc.—applications from Greek parents are pouring in all the time. According to the I.R.C. Report, 3,445 had been received by March 11th, 1949, and the number had risen to 6,238 by October 5th. It now exceeds 8,000.

34 Hyde Park Square, W.2. S. L. HOURMOUZIOS

[Mr. Spencer writes: The majority of the children sent to the North in 1946 were removed from the areas where the guerillas found their main support—the Slavo-Macedonian area of Vitsi. Clearly it would be neither necessary nor indeed intelligible for the guerillas to "abduct" their own children. Despite individual cases of unconfirmed abduction, the overwhelming weight of evidence of the observation groups showed that most parents consented to the removal of their children. While camps remain prepared to receive 12,000 children in the Aegean islands, it is not surprising that the People's Democracies hesitate to return the children. Some substantial guarantee is obviously required that the children will, in fact, rejoin their parents.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Was it necessary to be offensive as well as inaccurate in your comment upon the evidence tendered to the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment by prison officers? Where, in anything they wrote or said, do you find "grim demands for executions"? And what exactly do you mean by the statement that to most prison officials "the *status quo* is the occupational bed-rock"?

Prison officers made no demands, grim or otherwise, for executions. They gave reasons, based upon a wealth of practical experience, why they opposed the abolition of the death penalty in all cases. But they argued in favour of it being waived in certain types of case to which it now applies. And they urged very strongly upon the Commission that reprieves should be given more speedily than at present in order to reduce the long period of strain and uncertainty through which some prisoners have to pass. There may have been a streak of self-interest in the point they put to the Commission that, if the death penalty is superseded by life imprisonment, a violent character undergoing that sentence could murder a prison officer without adding anything to the penalty already imposed. But even a prison officer is entitled to minimise as far as possible the risk of being prematurely and violently got rid of by an anti-social type whose long-term incarceration even the most ardent prison reformer would agree is necessary.

I may have misunderstood the meaning of your reference to "an occupational bed-rock", but if the phrase is intended to imply that, because of his job, the prison officer has some vested or vocational interest in the maintenance of capital punishment, I cannot imagine a more cruel or slanderous charge to level against any body of men and women. There is nothing pleasant or sought-after about the "death watch" duty. If personal considerations alone had inspired their evidence to the Commission, every prison officer in the country would have urged the abolition of the death penalty knowing that, with its disappearance, would go one of the most unpleasant and depressing jobs any man or woman could be asked to undertake. But they subordinated their personal convenience to what they believe, rightly or wrongly, are the best interests of the community as a whole.

Close and constant contact with the worst as well as the best of the criminal community may cause prison officers to have some doubts about the merits of particular aspects of prison reform. What would be agreed by all is that any reforms must largely depend for their success upon attracting to the prison service men and women who feel that it is the sort of service to which they will be proud to belong. Nothing could be more calculated to discourage such would-be recruits than the sort of unfair comments which you have made about the attitude of the present prison staff to the difficult question of capital punishment.

The Prison Officers' Association. HARLEY CRONIN, *General Secretary.*

ROMMEL

SIR,—How pleasant it was to read Mr. Crossman's appreciation of Rommel and of Desmond Young's book about him! Most other reviewers seem to have retained something of the nauseating fulsomeness of the wartime British press in their praise of Rommel. The *Goebbels Diaries* have some interesting passages on this subject. The late Reich Minister for Propaganda says he found the comments of British journalists on Rommel really helpful!

Even Crossman includes the phrase "he was a great general." I think it should be "great corps commander." In modern war great generals have to master the problems of logistics, understand and co-operate with the air arm and know how to get the best out of their allies. I do not think that Rommel would qualify as a great general under any of these headings.

Space prevents me piling up the examples to prove my point. Those of your readers who followed the Mediterranean war will know of many specific

instances. I am sure that Mr. Young's book will be gratefully received in Germany, especially by Herr Richter and his boys. I doubt if Mr. Crossman's balanced review will be similarly welcomed.

7 Wellesley Court, ASHER LEE
London, W.9.

TITOISM

SIR,—I apologise for seeking to comment on Mr. K. Zilliacus' review of my book, *Tito's Plot Against Europe*. I do so because of two things.

First, he declares that one can conclude from one of my chapters that Tito was on the side of the Nazis. I can only say that if Mr. Zilliacus can conclude that, he can equally conclude from the next chapter that the earth is flat. He surely knows as well as anyone else who follows European affairs that there was a very real difference between the warring powers, and that to be for London and Washington against the Nazis, and against the Soviet Union, was a perfectly tenable, if unsatisfactory, political position. Churchill himself was a case in point. So, ultimately, was Tito.

Secondly, Mr. Zilliacus is guilty, and I am sorry to have to say it, of a trick which is scarcely worthy of him. My book claims that the Maclean Mission and subsequent Anglo-U.S. Intelligence work in Yugoslavia succeeded in winning over an important section of the Yugoslav partisan leadership to the side of Britain and the U.S. I adduced a very great deal of evidence in support of this view—indeed there is little else in the book. But Zilliacus simply picks three points of secondary, corroborative importance, and tells his readers: "Believe it or not, but this is all the 'evidence' Mr. Kartun can muster." Really, it is as if he were to confine his well-known criticisms of the Government's foreign policy to what has been done in British Honduras and Iceland—and expect us to content ourselves with that.

Finally, one cannot help it if a book dealing with British and U.S. espionage work in the Balkans reads like Edgar Wallace and the Baroness Orczy. As a former British Intelligence Officer in the war of intervention against the Soviet Union, Mr. Zilliacus of all people must know that in these matters truth is far stranger, and far more terrible, than fiction.

DEREK KARTUN

WHITE SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—The letter from L. & N. Marquard quoting facts and figures was very misleading. First of all they omitted to state the amount expended on European primary and secondary education. This figure is approximately £14½ million per annum; recalling that the figures for Bantu education are £2½ million and for Coloured and Indian education just under £2½ million. Now the *percentages* for these figures bring the true picture into perspective. They are: 74 per cent. spent on Whites, 13 per cent. on Bantu and 12.6 per cent. on Coloureds and Indians. The census of 1946 showed the population figures to be Europeans 20 per cent., Bantu 68.7 per cent., Coloureds 8.1 per cent. and Indians 2.5 per cent. (the other figures are all taken from the 1946 statistics—the latest ones available).

The amount spent on education per head of the population for the year 1946 was thus: £6 4s. 8d. for Europeans, 6s. 8d. for Bantu, and £2 1s. 9d. for Coloureds and Indians.

The Marquards also failed to say that the scheme for the feeding of Bantu school children has ceased since the Malan Government came to power.

Fellows Road, AUDREY DODSON
N.W.3.

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—I am greatly shocked to see from your advertisement columns that Morley College are seeking a Principal to whom they propose to pay £200 per annum *less* if the candidate be a woman.

I do not know whether the many fine women Principals—mostly from Newnham—of whom Mrs. Hubback was amongst the most distinguished, who built up this College, all served under such humiliating conditions or whether this salary differentiation is inspired by the Government's contemptuous cheating of women workers.

The situation has recently worsened regarding the implementation of Equal Pay, both amongst Municipal Authorities and in Industry, "the Government does not wish us to give the same to women staff" is the justification. Where fees are paid, whether to women architects, doctors, visiting lecturers in art or technical subjects, the standard rate is of course paid, but as soon as a staff appointment in the same subjects is offered a woman is underpaid and neither trade unions nor the professional associations concerned protest.

And amongst all the bouquets handed out to the workers, Cripps has forgotten to thank women for so patriotically saving the country from that inflation which his predecessor said Fair Pay to women would make inevitable!

NEWNHAMITE

A QUESTION OF INSPIRATION

SIR,—I can give one small example of "the same inspiration visiting two poets." Here is an epigram by Hilaire Belloc—

Of Three in One and One in Three
My narrow mind would doubting be
Till Beauty, Grace and Kindness met
And all at once were Juliet.

Voltaire wrote "à une dame de Genève qui prêchait l'auteur sur la Trinité"—

Oui, j'en conviens, chez moi la Trinité
Jusqu'à présent n'avait pas fait fortune;
Mais j'aperçois les trois Grâces en une:
Vous confondez mon incrédulité.

Nearly twenty years ago, when doing an article on French epigram, I wrote to Mr. Belloc asking whether his lines were suggested by Voltaire's epigram—and, no doubt, expressing my preference for the English. He replied "No, the two things are quite independent. I have not heard the French epigram you quote, but that often happens with pretty obvious ideas, and I am not surprised. Also I may add that I never mind being accused of stealing other people's ideas or even lines of verse. Shakespeare, Marlowe, Catullus and Homer all did it, and I have a great respect for their talents as poets. Keats didn't, but then he was very finicky."

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

ARCHBISHOP LANG

SIR,—I am grateful for Mr. A. L. Rowse's letter. In my review I did try to do justice to the complexity of Lang's character, although I quite admit a failure to emphasise sufficiently in my estimate of him his romanticism and his artist's temperament. What impressed me in Mr. Lockhart's portrait was the depth of his inner struggle, and the way in which he faced continually the issue of faith and unbelief. Therein seemed to me to lie his significance.

No doubt I did over-emphasise the snobbery; but I did so partly to throw into relief the unlikely background of a spiritual struggle which did elicit my deep reverence. Mr. Rowse does well to remind me that we are all snobs; yet I would plead that, if I spoke of Lang's snobbery, it was to suggest that in his life-story we had something which recalled, in a very different setting, the unforgettable picture Graham Greene gave of his Mexican priest in *The Power and the Glory*. There was the same consciousness of failure: and (dare I say it?) the same triumphant faith. In the presence of such, I agree, we must be humble.

D. M. MACKINNON
University of Aberdeen.

RAIMU AND ROCHEMONT

SIR,—Mr. William Whitebait, in your issue of January 28, writes with less than his usual accuracy. He says that the part in *Le Roi* in which Raimu once winningly ogled his way is now taken, no less irresistibly, by Maurice Chevalier. His memory of the earlier version must be strangely distorted. It is true that Raimu was in the cast, but Chevalier's part of the King was played by Victor Francen. Also, Mr. Whitebait was disappointed because *Lost Boundaries*, arriving "third in a row of films about the American Negro," did not "take advantage of the fact to push further." In fact, however, Louis de Rochemont, the producer was, as usual, the pioneer in the field. His film, though it was the third to be shown in London, was made before the other two.

L. B. R. FORSYTH

SINEWS OF PEACE!

HELP

K. Zilliacus

TO WIN E. GATESHEAD FOR

a Socialist peace policy and honesty in politics

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW *writes: "It is for Gateshead to come to the rescue by returning you to the House of Commons by an unequivocal and overwhelming majority. . . A vote against you is a vote for another war."*

J. B. PRIESTLEY *writes: "I think that a man like you with your special knowledge, independence of mind and integrity, definitely ought to have a place in the House, even if he has quarrelled with all the parties in the world."*

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE *writes: "I am a supporter of the Labour Party, but I respect the courage of Mr. Zilliacus—Labour needs men of his clear thinking and independence. His knowledge and critical approach to the problems will be of great value in Parliament, and I hope he will succeed."*

BETTING 6-4 on Zilliacus in Gateshead. Put your money on a good cause and a stout fighter and share in the victory.

DONATIONS to Mr. Zilliacus's agent: Mr. Russell Kerr, 108-110 High West Street, Gateshead. Cheques, P.O.'s, M.O.'s should be made out to ZILLIACUS ELECTION FUND.

ANEURIN BEVAN

on

"The People's Coming of Age"

in

TRIBUNE

February 3rd

Special Election Issue

No. 1

TRIBUNE, 222 STRAND, W.C.2

"Mummie I've been promoted!"

"I'm a secretary! To a Director, too! You should have seen the other girls' faces."

"I'm so glad, Patricia. But don't gloat over the other girls, dear, you've had more chance . . . more training."

"I know, mummie, thanks to you. And how grateful I am that you sent me to The Langham, I loved it there . . . and now your career girl is going places . . . you watch."

The Langham Secretarial College Course includes Pitman's shorthand, English, typewriting, accounts, current affairs, languages and speech training. Expert Lecturers. Posts obtained. Special training for professional work. Courses from 3 months. Few vacancies 13th February, 17th April. Write now for prospectus to:—

THE LANGHAM SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

Principal, Miss Rosemary Harris, B.Sc. (Econ.)

—Under distinguished patronage—

30 FITZROY STREET, LONDON, W.1 Telephone: EUSton 5811

Books in General

WHAT was it that bound the Carlyles, the most touching of unhappy and clinging couples? Sincere love and long affection, admiration, too; but that says all and nothing. Getting her blow in first, as usual, Jane Welsh said that habit was stronger in her husband than the passions. And she herself had, or came to have, short patience with them in other people. The pitiful side of her story is well known, but it has always been clear that she was not the down-trodden Victorian wife. The Carlyle marriage was a marriage between equals. On the negative side, difficulty must have been a bond between these arduous Scots; Scottishness, also, with its dry appreciation of the angers and humours of domestic recollection. The couple would be just a little tough about the miseries created by bad nerves, bad health, bad temper. On the positive side, the bond was surely their tongues; they had a common taste for satire, malice, exaggeration and everything that was singular, a zest for scorn and the damaging, picturesque images it could be expressed in. At their worst moments, in the absences brought about by their disagreements or their health, each could be tantalised by the thought that the other was seeing, saying, thinking or writing exaggerations of the most intimidating piquancy. Each would be feeling the hypnotic challenges of the other's wit.

There is a quality here that makes both of them arresting. Mrs. Carlyle is one of the best letter-writers of the nineteenth century. He writes large and she writes small, but she rules her page, as certainly as he does his, like a circus master. Her exaggeration is conscious, too; it is not the helpless, personal hyperbole of a bosom too full. She was always fashioner to the subtle, disguising whalebone of common sense. She picks her subject and electrifies her brain. It is all irony. Why did she not, with her Jane Austenish tongue, become a novelist? Here, it is instructive to compare her with that disturbing gusher, Geraldine Jewsbury, of whom she said, "her speech is so extremely insincere that I feel in our dialogues we are always acting in a play, and as we are not to get either money or praise for it, and not being an amateur of play-acting, I prefer good honest *silence* . . . she is as sharp as a meat axe—but as narrow." With all her quick, fantastic interest in people, Mrs. Carlyle did not become a novelist and the gusher did. Mrs. Carlyle was too interested in hitting people off, and in keeping on top herself, for the novelist's life; she totally lacked that Messiah-producing and soulful inner glumness of the pregnant artist; the inner silence which a Jane Austen had.

The good letter-writer has to be an egotist with a jumping mind. Even at 19 Jane Welsh was the born boss of the notepad:

> Allons ma chère!—let us talk of the "goosish" man, my quondam lover.
>
> He came; arrived at the George Inn at eleven o'clock at night, twelve hours after he received my answer to his letter; slept there "the more soundly" according to his statement "than was to have been expected, all the circumstances of the case being considered" and in the morning sent a few nonsensical lines to announce his nonsensical arrival . . . In a day or two after his return . . . there came a quantity of music from him. (Pour parenthese, I shall send you a sheet of it, having another copy of *Home Sweet Home* beside.)

If Carlyle howled like a dervish, and went lamenting about his house like the Wandering Jew, when the cocks crowed or the dogs barked in the Chelsea gardens or the piano played next door, Mrs. Carlyle had a tongue. It missed nothing. One evening, the impossible Mrs. Leigh Hunt "behaved smoothly, looked devilish and was drunkish." Plain drunk would have been more amiable. When Mr. Leigh Hunt, after the the same party, went downstairs and gave a lady a couple of handsome smacks as he left and whispered "God bless you, Miss Hunter," Mrs. Carlyle, with her "wonted gleg ness," heard! Poor Mr. Severn, so devoted to his wife, goes off to Italy alone with the sting that "people who are so devoted to their wives are apt from mere habit, to get devoted to other people's." What a power, "beside a fund of vitality" Mr. Sterling had of "getting up a sentiment about anything or nothing." And Geraldine, the never-spared, gets a letter with the immortal beginning: "Dearest Geraldine, I am sending you two men." The only way to get even with a lady as sharp as this was to use her own methods and make her laugh at herself; and this happily she could do. A young Charles Buller who had been snubbed by her on the sound Annandale ground that he was an expert philanderer and unkind to his parents, was not going to be put down. For two days she held out against him without a smile—and her face with its fine but sullen brow, its full-orbed eyes and hard mouth could look formidable—when a brilliantly silly idea occurred to him. They were all standing in the hall watching the rain fall on the Norfolk garden when the young man exclaimed, "I will shoot a hollyhock" and did so at once, bringing her the trophy with all the solemnity (the learned and topical lady writes) of Mr. Petrucci in the character of Heraclitus. She was obliged to laugh, "to the disgrace of her originality." The immoral Mr. Buller had subdued a fantastic satirist, by a fantastic touch.

Mrs. Carlyle was the most amusing woman in London. Everyone with any brains came to her house. She astonished Tennyson by allowing him to smoke; she gave Mazzini many a dressing down. D'Orsay called twice: "at first sight his beauty is that of the rather disgusting sort which seems to be like genius of no sex." But he had wit and sense on the first occasion; they had diminished by the second. No longer dressed like a humming bird, he had cleverly subdued his finery to the recognition that five years had made a difference to his figure. She was quite aware, in spite of a flutter of pretence, that people like seeing her as much as they like seeing her husband; and when Carlyle was beguiled to Bath House by Lady Ashburton, there was a lively salon in Cheyne Row to put against it. And put against it was. With the acid relish of inner loneliness, she was a great deal out and about observing the human comedy. The born letter-writer sees incident or absurdity in the smallest things and picks out what will divert the reader. This was written for the scornful preacher in Carlyle:

> A Mrs. Darbyshire, whom you saw once, came the night before last to stay while I stayed. She seems a sensible *gentlewoman* enough—a Unitarian *without the* Doctrines. But I could not comprehend at first why she had been brought, till at last Mrs. Paulet gave me to understand that she was there to use up Miss Newton. "Not," she said, "that my sister is an illiberal person, though she believes in Christ, and *all that sort of thing*. She is quite easy to live with; but it will be pleasanter for herself as well as for us that she should have somebody to talk to of her own sort—a Catholic or Unitarian, she doesn't mind which." After this initiation I could hardly look with gravity on these two shaking heads into one another's faces and bum-bumming away on *religious* topics, as they flatter themselves.

And she was capable of folly. There was the wonderful party when Dickens did his marvellous conjuring tricks, where the crackers went bang and the champagne flowed. She had been green, bilious and ill with her terrible nerves when she left Cheyne Row, but here in the uproar, she was suddenly cured. She talked mad nonsense to Thackeray; and at the climax Forster

> seized me *round the waist*, whirled me into the thick of it and *made* me dance!!! Like a person in the treadmill who must move forward or be crushed to death! Once I cried out, "For the love of heaven let me go; you are going to dash my brains out against the folding doors!" to which he answered, "Your brains! Who cares about their brains here? Let them go."

There were other lettings go of the brain. Obviously, taken in by Geraldine Jewsbury, she had let herself go too far for a moment or two. There was the Father Matthew episode, a pure case of hero worship, when she rushed to his meeting in the East End, and, climbing on to the platform, fell flat at the priest's feet. She gripped his hands, burst into tears and after a few choking words gave him a memento of herself, and went home sick and mad with exaltation. After her husband, the Father was "the best man of modern times." But here the ironist returned: "Had you any idea your wife was such a fool?" And there was the sobering reflection that the "Father got through the thing admirably."

There must have been a good deal of "getting through the thing" at Cheyne Row. It was, for all its striking sociability, a fort, with the old warrior upstairs, bloody and unbowed, and herself the sentinel below. They had, in this marriage, the belligerence and tenderness of soldiers. The attraction of this selection of Letters* is that, with a bare minimum of necessary comment, we see her life, through Mrs. Carlyle's own eyes. We are spared the hysteria of a Countess Tolstoy, for Jane Welsh and her husband were stoics; when the woe comes through, the illness, the insomnia, the loneliness, the jealousy and the wary hardness that followed their insoluble differences, it comes through a mind capable of some self-criticism. Strangely, it is not the suffering that moves one—only by great effort can one sympathise with neurotic or imaginary suffering, one is always aware of how

* *The Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.* A selection arranged by Trudy Bliss. *Gollancz.* 21s.

strong and relentless the neurotics are—it is the happiness, the devotion, the love and the deep deposit of friendship that accumulates in a marriage, and the whole exquisitely marked passage of time, that bring tears to the eyes. How quickly the early excitement goes; how warmly the devotion expands; how strong the ties between the contestants become. The Carlyle marriage becomes an archetype of the marriage of genius. We owe to Mrs. Carlyle an intimate picture of a remarkable man caught, as in the Laocoon, by his own gifts; not once is there any attempt at that reckless, destructive criticism of his work, which animal jealousy and mania aroused in a woman like the Countess Tolstoy, unless the journals Mrs. Carlyle destroyed contained such outbursts. We owe to her a brilliant domestic picture of her age, from its famous people down to its servants; and the decided impression of a vivacious intellect.

V. S. PRITCHETT

AT THE SPRING

Porters came back alone. The hunter's image hung
About the broken beasts of the mountain, and enlarged,
So that his will and theirs grew like a tusk, and, young,
He found his litheness marred.

The days went on in silence until the mountain pools
Grew heavy with suspended will, grew huge
And descended swelling into the empty valleys
Where he once was valiant.

Here the thistle grew, and the red pacific flower
Which, hued by violence in his love and war,
He had destroyed in passing, forsaking power,
And trampled in his fear.

None lived after who saw him go; his earlier passing
Hung motionless upon the air, like a tower unbuilt
But planned, and in his passing, changing,
The waters took his guilt.

The murmuration now of waters, birds, the thunderous winds,
Rock fall and wince of splintering pines
Swells loud, and sound of shout from peak and lees
Breaks out, for he has satisfied.

KENNETH SEVERS

SWANS

I saw swans flying,
And the domed hemisphere
Was filled with wings;
Wings wide, wings thrusting down
Swift, yet seeming slow.

The sun, with his mock dying,
Stumbled westward, near
To earth, beaten with wings,
Wings like sabres, wings grown
Wide as the world below.

Under this canopy
I stood, as stands a stone
Beneath the ocean's wings,
Wings of waves, wings breaking
On the patient sand.

I looked down from the sky
And saw the music blown
By rhythm of swans' wings,
Wings universal, wings making
A shadow on my hand.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE INNOCENT BANKER

Account Settled. By DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

When a banker loses his money (or rather his clients'), it is never his fault. It is the fault of the debtor and of all those men of the world who told the banker that the debtor was a very respectable person; the banker is so innocent that he could never find this out for himself. This is Dr. Schacht's explanation why he put his money on Hitler. The man seemed to have sensible views—on German rearmament, on reparations. His respectability was vouched for by everyone—by Hindenburg, who made him Chancellor; by the German electors who voted for him; by the politicians of all parties (including the Social Democrats) who approved his foreign policy; by the generals who took an oath of loyalty to him; and by all the foreign statesmen who made the pilgrimage of admiration and appeasement. Who was Dr. Schacht to stand out against so many? Besides, Hitler really seemed moderate when Schacht first met him; and he obeyed the rules of sound, Schachtian, finance until 1938. There is something in this defence. The ruling classes of Germany—military, legal, financial, clerical—accepted Hitler and the Nazis in a way that would have been impossible in any other civilised country. It is easy to understand why the Germans favoured rearmament and even a new war; these are irrelevant to the issue—how did responsible Germans acquiesce in the rule of sexual perverts, anti-semites, bank-robbers, common criminals? Schacht, like other Germans, has no answer: he shuffles the responsibility off on to others. Perhaps this is the answer. Even the Germans in highest position had always evaded responsibility; and, when Hitler appeared, they could not change their behaviour.

Schacht has another defence, less usual and less plausible. Having come to his senses rather late in the day, he alone opposed Hitler—first openly and then in the only conspiracy which had a chance of success. His open opposition was limited to protesting against inflated expenditure on armaments in 1938; in financial matters Schacht had a conscience, though with its own rules. The conspiracy was the plan made with Witzleben at the time of the Czech crisis; it was allegedly ruined by the announcement of the Munich conference—Hitler was no longer in Berlin to be arrested. Like most of the stories of German "opposition" and German "resistance," this story can be believed or not at will. Schacht has no evidence and says, rightly, that he would have been foolish to have any; in fact, success is the only evidence a conspiracy can ever show.

Schacht's account of this conspiracy, as of his association with the "resistance" during the war, is based solely on the evidence of others, particularly on the book by Gisevius. However Schacht himself dismisses the wartime "resistance" as nonsense. His conspiracy of 1938 was the only genuine article. During the war there was much talk and paper-scheming. When it came to the point, the affair of July 20 was an attempt at assassination by an individual, not an organised revolt. As with other Germans (from Hitler downwards) Schacht is at his best when depreciating his fellow-countrymen.

Most of Schacht's book was written under the shadow of the Nuremberg trial and is concerned with defending himself from the charges made there. As a good banker, Schacht gives nothing away. He rests on the evidence of others; his own contribution is to take advantage of their evidence. New only is the record of his conversations with Hitler, where he claims to have shown coolness and impudence. This is probably true; there is other evidence that Hitler was disconcerted by a cool reply. Of more general interest is Schacht's summary account of his financial policy and his proposals for the future. "Schachtism" seemed both miraculous and wicked twenty years ago; as Schacht says, it is commonplace now and practised even "by the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer." Moreover Schacht has stumbled also on the solution which is being generally peddled nowadays for our economic difficulties: the backward countries should be given long-term credits (by the United States of course) with which to buy industrial equipment. This is the practice which used to be called economic imperialism and was condemned by all Socialists from Lenin to J. A. Hobson; now it is called Truman's "fourth point" and welcomed by all Socialists from Strachey to Schacht.

In truth, Dr. Schacht has a certain innocence as a politician, and even as an economist. His writing is banal and his thought even more so; for this very reason he can carry simple ideas a certain way without running into their ultimate difficulties. Thus he can excuse himself for being taken in by Hitler and yet draw up an indictment against Hitler without seeing that he is making himself out a fool at one moment and a knave at another. He can propound the idea of industrialising the backward countries without seeing that those who put up the money will wish to profit by it—hence either exploitation or colonial revolt, or more probably both. Most of all, though he was a Minister of Hitler's for years, he can now offer himself as adviser to the Americans, without suspecting the impression which this must have on those who saw Hitler as evil long before Dr. Schacht did. After all, when Dr. Schacht was on the station-platform, welcoming Hitler on his return from France in 1940 (an incident not mentioned in this book), others were engaged in quite different occupations. Dr. Schacht may claim now to have closed Hitler's account; he has settled for a shilling in the pound and was lucky to have got even that. This is hardly a recommendation for others to rely on his skill as a banker and to entrust their money to him once again.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

LIFE AT ST. PAUL'S

Diary of a Dean. By W. R. INGE. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Dean Inge's official farewell to the public was contained in a book called *Vale* published on his retirement from the Deanery of St. Paul's fifteen years ago. The plates of this book together with all unsold copies were destroyed by enemy action, and his friends having "expressed a wish that I would leave some recollection of my life at St. Paul's," he has produced the Diary under review.

The book is just what it purports to be, "some recollection" of his life at St. Paul's. Considering how vivid a personality is the Dean's, how original his mind, how rich his social life, how exciting the times (1911-1934) covered, it is surprising how small is the interest of these jottings. For jottings is the category to which most of the entries belong. We hear how the Dean is bored by music and thinks nearly all services of sacred music too long, goes out to lunch and dinner with the famous and the great—"in most years the number of accepted invitations runs into three figures"—entertains in his turn—a dinner party of eight or ten persons is a common occurrence—preaches to the Queen, sits down to prepare and write out six forthcoming lectures on his August holiday, leans increasingly as he grows older to the *philosophia perennis*, and so on.

The picture is of a happy, busy, useful life. Dean Inge seems to me to have been an exceptionally fortunate man; he had so many of the things that other men desire—money, respect, an assured social position, a job which he liked doing and did well, beautiful and dignified places to live in, great domestic happiness—his tribute to his late wife is most moving, few women can have been more highly or more eloquently praised—and the luck of being born at the right time. If he had been born fifty years earlier his modernist tendencies would have stood in the way of ecclesiastical advancement; if fifty years later, such has been the decline in the prestige and authority of the Church, that it is doubtful if he would have become a national figure. As it was, his life was set in easy places and honours fell into his lap.

In spite of his reputation as "the gloomy Dean," he seems to have been a man whom others delighted to honour and he achieved great eminence. It may well be that he is the last Church dignitary to become a national figure.

In spite of his manifold good fortune, his outlook is marked by a profound pessimism which is nowhere more evident than in the Romanes Lecture printed with others at the end of this volume, which is devoted to a devastating analysis of the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century doctrine of progress. There seems, he argues, to be little reason for regarding ours as a high civilisation—"ancient civilisations were destroyed by imported barbarians; we breed our own." Even if it were, the teaching of history shows it to be unlikely to endure since "civilisation is a disease which is almost invariably fatal unless its course is checked in time." Taking a longer view, is there any reason to regard man's increasing domination of his planet with complacency, since it is almost certain that we shall use our new-won powers to destroy ourselves? Meanwhile we use them to destroy nature:—"If it is progress to turn the fields and woods of Essex into East and West Ham, we may be thankful that progress is a sporadic and transient phenomenon in history." And so on.

It is, however, in the use which Dean Inge makes of the principle of entropy that this attitude is most clearly defined. For half a century we have lived with gods who were wholly immanent; or we have contrived to live with no gods at all. The chief among the immanent gods were the creative evolutionary urge, the *élan vital* of Bergson, and the Life Force of Shaw. But even those who tolerated no gods at all contrived to believe that man himself was evolving towards godhead. The infinite perfectibility of man was a doctrine inherited by the twentieth century from the nineteenth—"Progress is not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect," wrote Herbert Spencer—and Professor Alexander went so far as to regard the universe as a god-making universe. God, on this view, was progressively evolved, being identified with the stage of the evolutionary process next to be reached.

All these views concurred in regarding God as wholly bound up with and immanent in the evolving universe. But if He is, argued the Dean—it was his greatest contribution to the theological thought of his time and forms the theme of *God and the Astronomers*, one of his best books—He must share in the universe's fate. If the second law of thermodynamics is true, we know with a fair degree of certainty what that will be. The universe will reach a condition of static eventlessness in which no more occurrences of any kind will take place. If, then, God is the soul of the universe, He is the soul of a doomed universe. But a God under sentence of death is no God at all. It is on these lines that Dean Inge argues in many of his books, and the argument recurs in the Diary.

It enables him to support the traditional Christian view that neither happiness nor perfectibility is to be found at this level of reality. But while it strengthens his hopes in another order, it depresses his view of man's prospects as a member of this one. He uses to the full his great gifts of style to depict the miseries of man's mortal lot—"Ours is a society of co-operative guilt with limited liability"—and to deride the pretensions of the idolaters of man. As one reads the Diary, one gets the impression of a decent, humane, civilised and extremely intelligent man in whom the milk of human kindness was permanently soured by the first World War and the growing savagery that has succeeded it. "I suppose," he writes, "I must call myself a pacifist," and in 1917 while the Bishops of his Church were calling for a "Day of Intercession and Thanksgiving for the War," he sees only a world "mad with rage and hatred." One gathers that he never forgave the Church its complacency in the face of war, just as he never recovered from the blow of its occurrence. It is as though he had a spiritual skin too few. The death of his son Richard, killed in an aeroplane crash in the second World War, only served to deepen the prevailing mood. The tribute to his son is beautifully written.

C. E. M. JOAD

8th impression in 5 months
now in the bookshops
★
FITZROY MACLEAN
Eastern Approaches
'I was completely enthralled by every page.'
COMPTON MACKENZIE
'Few Englishmen have ever brought such talents to the service of adventure.' SPECTATOR
12 illustrations 3 maps
15s. net
JONATHAN CAPE

MORE TOVEY

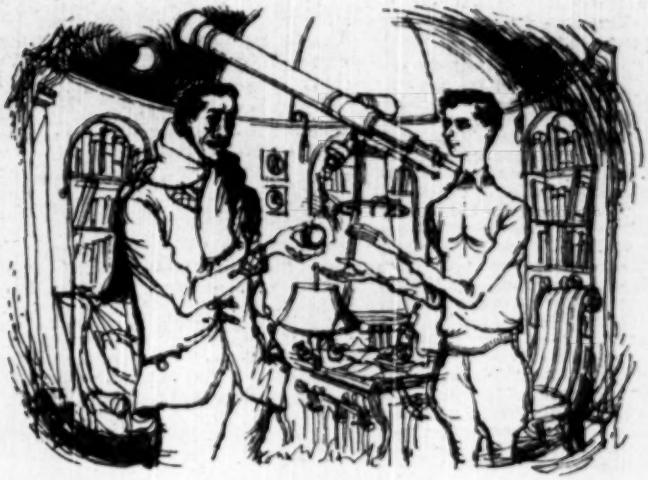
Essays and Lectures on Music. By DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY. Collected, by Hubert Foss. *Oxford University Press.* 18s.

Tovey was the Universal Genius in a specialist age, and he used to contemplate with the amused irritation of Gulliver the bustling throng of pocket experts: fashionable conductors and virtuosos; professional biographers, historians, critics, musicologists. He was built, as he could hardly help noticing, on a more generous scale; and yet, as time went on, he may well have felt that he had dissipated his brilliant gifts. None of his compositions won a place in the repertory; his scholarship was buried or scattered; his pianism grew rusty; his conducting suffered in his later years from a vein of platform eccentricity, which even permitted him to stop the Reid Orchestra in mid-symphony in order to expound some structural detail to the audience. Such quirks, coupled with his dogmatic pronouncements, made enemies; it was to the inner circle of his devoted pupils and admirers that he revealed the riches of his mind. He was a wonderful talker; a musical Dr. Johnson alas, without a Boswell. His friends were distressed at the thought of so much insight, wit and erudition lost to the world; and he himself, in the Deneke Lecture which he delivered at Oxford in 1934, cast a rueful backward glance at his early hopes. "It was one of my naive undergraduate ambitions to make a contribution to aesthetic philosophy by a systematic review of music. Forty years on, I come to you with empty hands."

In the following year, however, publication was begun of the six volumes of analytical essays, which had originally appeared *seriatim* as programme notes for his Reid Concerts in Edinburgh. They made him famous, and have continued to exercise a decisive influence on all our thinking, both professional and amateur, about the musical classics; not since Grove's study of Beethoven's Symphonies had any analytical work made a comparable impact. Tovey despised all *a priori* textbook notions of form; he regarded tonality as the linch-pin of classical design; he perceived the essentially dramatic nature of concerto and sonata form; and expounded all these ideas (and a hundred more) in a richly packed and stimulating prose. Since his death (in 1940), several further volumes of lectures, essays and encyclopaedia articles have appeared; so that his collected papers now fill seventeen volumes. The latest and last of these, here under review, is a solid book of 400 pages. Its constituent parts have all been printed before, but many of them were inaccessible. From *Cobbett's Cyclopaedia of Chamber Music* come the long and comprehensive articles on Haydn and Brahms; from Mr. Foss's two miscellanies called *The Heritage of Music*, the two important papers on Gluck and Schubert. Toveyans have good reason to be grateful to Mr. Foss, who has spent much of his time putting the great man's work in order; but I wish he had corrected more of his errors. In the Gluck essay, for example, Tovey is still allowed to maintain that Racine's "scenario" has been followed in *both* the *Iphigénie* operas (Racine never treated the Tauris part of the legend); and to assert that *Armide* is the last of Gluck's great works (it was written two years before *Iphigénie en Tauride*).

Such slips, though not infrequent, seldom affect the course of the argument, and are paradoxically the result of Tovey's prodigious memory: he had the brilliant conversationalist's dislike of verifying facts and quotations. "He had read and remembered in detail," said his old friend Ernest Walker, "and, what is more, methodically assimilated into his personal scheme of aesthetics, every page of live music from Byrd and Lassus and Palestrina to the end of the nineteenth century, with a great and varied mass of twentieth-century music in addition." It was this depth and resonance of memory which enabled him to enrich his analyses with so many apt parallels and contrasts. His curiosity about the Great Masters was insatiable, but he was inclined to dismiss in an off-hand way what he called the Interesting Historical Figures (or I.H.F.s)—among whom he cheerfully included Monteverdi and Domenico Scarlatti (with a passing allusion to the latter's "defective technique."). He was largely indifferent to biography, and suspected its practitioners of "wanting to explain Beethoven by means of the French Revolution." He wrote as he talked, dictating copiously, correcting copiously, but seldom passing anything for the press. One result of his method of work is the constant reappearance of the same image, the same illustration, and the same joke. Tovey's jokes are in any case a stumbling block for some of his readers: he is The Jolly Don, old style, having fun with index entries ("Grocer, see Hindemith; Hedgehog, see Brahms"), and pouring out quips from Carroll, Lear and Hilaire Belloc, of the kind which provoke delighted giggles in the lecture room but, look a bit forlorn, years afterwards, in cold print.

Akin to his jocularity is his love of the sweeping statement. Always indignant with those people who remain dubious about the choral finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, he will decide suddenly, to pulverise them. "There is no part of Beethoven's Choral Symphony which does not become clearer to us when we assume that the choral finale is right; and there is hardly a point that does not become difficult and obscure as soon as we fall into the habit which assumes that the choral finale is wrong." If this means anything, it means that the first three movements are not self-sufficient pieces of musical design; but in fact, if Beethoven had died after writing



Venus Observed*: *a new play by* *Christopher Fry

in which Sir Laurence Olivier and his Company are now playing.

The full text is now available—

published by The Oxford University Press at 6/- (6/6 post free)

Better Books Ltd., *booksellers of 94 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.*

DUKE: Anyone would think I had made some extraordinary
Suggestion. But in fact how natural it is.
Aren't you my son?

EDGAR: Yes, father, of course I am.

DUKE: Then it's up to you to choose who shall be your mother.
Does that seem to you improper, Reedbeck?

REEDBECK: No,
Your Grace: it's not, perhaps, always done,
But few parents consider their children as you do.
I don't dislike the plan at all.

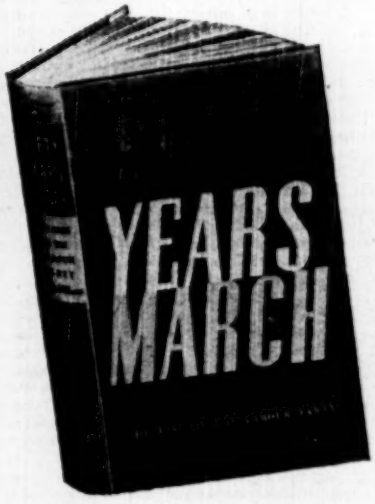
EDGAR: I sweat
with embarrassment.

DUKE: You have been
Too much with horses. This, that I ask you to do,
Is an act of poetry, and a compliment
To the freshness of your mind. Why should you sweat?
Here they will be, three handsome women,
All of them at some time implicated
In the joyous routine of my life. (I could scarcely
Put it more delicately.) I wish to marry.
Who am I, in heaven's name, to decide
Which were my vintage years of love?
Good God, to differentiate between
The first bright blow on my sleeping flesh,
The big breasts of mid-morning,
And the high old dance of afternoon—
Value one against the other? Never, not I,
Till the eschatological rain shall lay my dust.
But you, dear boy, with your twenty-five impartial years,
Can perform the judgement of Paris,
Can savour, consider, and award the apple
With a cool hand.

MAURICE WEBB

Chairman of The Parliamentary Labour Party

"This is, without doubt, a 'must' book for every person who works for or within the Labour and Trade Union Movement . . ."



FIFTY YEARS MARCH

The Rise of The Labour Party

By FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Foreword by THE PRIME MINISTER

For the first time in a single, concise volume, here is presented the story of Labour's birth, growth and rise to full political maturity in fifty short years. It is written by a man whose knowledge of the Movement and of the political history of our time is combined with a singularly happy style, and whose assessments of individuals and of policies are exceptionally penetrating.

It portrays, in revealing character sketches, the tenacious freedom-loving men who founded and guided the Party through its early struggles, as well as the present-day leaders. It is both a record of past achievements and an indication of the Party's future objectives. It can properly be described as essential reading for men and women of all political shades.

What is more, it is an absorbing and memorable narrative told with a shrewdness and good humour that makes it first-rate enjoyable reading—and never more so than to-day!

384 pages. Frontispiece and 16 pages of half-tone plates.

From all Booksellers 7/6 net

ODHAMS

Some opinions

C. R. ATTLEE
THE PRIME MINISTER

"Mr. Williams has given a well-balanced history and his judgments are notably fair, while throughout he understands and expresses the spirit of the Movement . . ."

C. M. WOODHOUSE
THE OBSERVER

". . . 'Fifty Years March' should be compulsory reading for Labour's opponents as well as its supporters . . ."

J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT
EDITOR, "THE COUNTRYMAN".

"A line of congratulation on 'Fifty Years March.' It might have been a stodgy history of the Labour Party, dreary and opinionated. It is readable and fair and such as can be read by seekers after truth of every brand . . ."

SIR WILLIAM LAWTHER
CHAIRMAN OF THE
TRADE UNION CONGRESS 1948-9

"It will furnish the rising generation with an outline of what is the greatest political advance ever known in history . . ."

MORGAN PHILLIPS
SECRETARY OF THE LABOUR PARTY

"I welcome this book proudly and with gratitude to the author and publishers who have made it the mark of an enduring milestone in Labour's progress . . ."

the Adagio, no one could possibly have foreseen, from internal evidence, that he intended to introduce voices into the final movement. When reading Tovey, I often have a slight suspicion that I am being "bounced"; but he is a difficult man to refute, not only because he is so often right, but because, right or wrong, he is so excitingly (and maddeningly) discursive: he radiates ideas in all directions at once. Everything has a wonderfully logical sound; but the reader is sometimes so dazzled by the "chaos of clear ideas" that he can hardly put his finger on the crux of the argument. This is especially apt to happen when Tovey is writing, as counsel for the defence, on an unsympathetic subject. For the music of Elgar, we gather, he does not greatly care; so he throws off defiantly the phrase: "Greatness in art is not a matter of taste at all." Of what, then, is it a matter? Of mere size? Or popularity, assessed by the crudest counting of heads? Evidently not. Whether we like it or not, we are forced back, sooner or later, to some sort of judgment, which implies discrimination, which implies taste; all attempts to get round this, and dispense with the element of personal taste, are doomed to failure. What Tovey may have meant was something rather different. A streak of vulgarity is often to be found in the greatest artists (Balzac, Dickens, Wagner, even Beethoven); fastidious persons run the risk of seeing nothing else; we must each make allowance for our natural bias.

Tovey himself, who loved independence of mind, would not thank the reader for swallowing him whole. The spasmodic and occasional nature of his critical writing left blemishes which in a "systematic review" he would doubtless have removed. But no wiser or more stimulating guide to the Alpine ranges of music has appeared in our time; and, like all great guides, he is not an anonymous purveyor of useful information, but a memorable and idiosyncratic companion.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Phoenix

MAX BROWN'S

Australian Son

A Life of Ned Kelly

The story of Ned Kelly is the story of a whole turbulent era of 19th-century Australian history. Kelly terrorized two states, held up townships, was hanged at 26.

'Nothing, for improbability, interest, or excitement, in this week's fiction can hold a candle to the *fact* in *Australian Son*'—Daniel George.

Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

F. GORDON ROE'S

English Cottage Furniture

A book for the modest collector, dealing with furniture of the farmstead and smaller country dwelling from its early traces to the late 19th century. 'In style, content and illustration this is a book to be recommended.'—*The Times Literary Suppt.* Demy 8vo. 33 pp. plates. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

3rd Impression of

LEWIS and MAUDE'S

The English Middle Classes

Third impression heavily demanded, and fourth impression in preparation. 'I would like to call attention to this book'—Prof. G. M. Trevelyan in *The Observer*. 'Not a dull page'—*The Spectator*. 'A brilliant survey'—*The Listener*. 320 pp. Demy 8vo. 15*s. net*

SID CHAPLIN'S

My Fate Cries Out

Sid Chaplin's story of the Durham lead miners of a past century is set on the purple moors of his native County Durham. 'Talented and completely independent of current fashion . . . excellent plot, racy narrative style'—*Sunday Times*. Cr. 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d. net*

Published by Phoenix House Ltd., Charing Cross.

Available now from, or through, your bookshop or library.

ALL THE WORLD A SCHMOO

The Life and Times of the Schmoo. By AL CAPP. *Convoy Publications.* 5*s.*

"To old friends the citizens of Dogpatch will be old friends. To strangers, however, they will probably be strangers." Certainly to most of the English public, Dogpatchers—the Yokum family, Li'l Abner, Daisy Mae, Unwashable Jones, Fearless Fosdick, Lena the Hyena, the ugliest girl in the world—will be entirely strange, while the revolutionary schmoo, balsam for all of society's sores, will mean nothing. For as far as I know Al Capp's comic strip, probably the most popular in the world, is not syndicated in any English newspaper to-day. Sometime last year Li'l Abner, Capp's naif, big-hearted, dumb, sentimental, tough, illiterate, randy, handsome, gullible Lowest Common Denominator of young American manhood, strayed into the valley of the Schmoon, home since the dawn of time of schmoos. At last the whole adventure is reprinted here between two shiny covers. Schmoos look like animated, moustachioed pears or pieces of sculpture by Hans Arp. Schmoos are "loyal, lovable and absolutely free." Since they fall in love on sight and breed immediately, they multiply as quickly as any adding-machine. But, more important, schmoos

> lays aigs *at the slightest excuse!!* They also give *milk!!* And as for meat, broiled they makes the finest steaks—fried they come out the *yummiest chicken* and all *white meat* and . . . . they don't eat anything [Furthermore] when yo' looks at a schmoo as though yo'd like to *eat* him he *dies* of sheer happiness. There's *no* waste!! The hide makes the finest leather—or cloth, depending on how thick you *slice* it. The *eyes* makes wonderful suspender buttons. The whiskers make excellent toothpicks—and there are absolutely *no bones!!*

They also make bowling balls, bottle pins, footballs, and even material for houses. As Li'l Abner observes—"wif *these* around nobody won't nevah hafta work no more!!—All hoomanity kin now live off the fat of the land namely schmoos!!" He will not listen to the old sage who declares schmoos "*the greatest menace to hoomanity th' world has ever known.*" Back in starving Dogpatch (the inhabitants grimly plant their turnip crop every year, and every year just before harvest time, the turnip termites grimly devour it) everyone prospers on the schmoos—everyone, that is, except Soft-hearted John, rack-renter and owner of the local shop, where only below-standard groceries and condemned meat are for sale. Other racketeers arrive to build a factory for the exploitation of cheap labour in the Dogpatch Hills, but they return to New York, disconcerted at finding prosperity where there was only poverty before.

Meanwhile schmoos spread. Who now wants to buy Sham, the meat substitute; who in fact wants to buy anything? Even Choo-Choo, the poor, unemployed showgirl who would do anything for a square meal is no longer dateable; Grady A. Creamley shoots himself; the Toy King runs in front of a train. Among the tycoons only the great impresario who visualises "schmoosical comedies" and the manufacture of synthetic schmoos see any future. J. Roaringham Fatback, the pork king, Brewster McRewster, Czar of the egg industry, and other business men convene a meeting. The pests are dangerous and revolutionary; moreover they are Unamerican and must therefore be exterminated. Off into the hills moves a schmooicide squad. Car loads of fascist thugs armed with tommy-guns mow down the creatures. "Reckon its (sob) Unamerican o'me to cry over what happens t'them sweet lovable li'l schmoos," moans Li'l Abner, as obediently he helps with the massacre. Soon all is over, but Daisy Mae sees Li'l Abner running off with a suspicious looking bundle and she races after him, revealing almost every inch of her pretty legs under the traditional tight, torn skirt. "Ah secretly saved out two o' the most valooble type of schmoos, namely boy-schmoos," gasps Li'l Abner as they tussle over his parcel, but fortunately he is wrong: one is a female. As the two schmoos cuddle, Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae watch the sun rise (or set) over Dogpatch. "Folks don't need these li'l schmoos," ponders Li'l Abner,

> they already *got* one—the biggest schmoo of all—*th' earth, itself!!* Jest like these li'l schmoos, *its* ready to give ev'rybody ev'rything they need . . . Ef only folks stopped a-fightin' an' a-grabbin'—they'd realise thet *this* schmoo—th' earth—got plenty o' ev'rything for ev'rybody!! *Then* they'd be ready for these *li'l* schmoos . . . . except (chuckle) *then* they wouldn't *need* 'em!!!

D. D. Teasdale, the exterminator, was right: schmoos are Unamerican. Al Capp does not just attack Wall Street capitalism; he actually ends by showing us glimpses of an almost Soviet Utopia. What more Marxist concept than the world as a schmoo, "the biggest schmoo of all?" Yet there is, here, an interesting ambivalence. On the one hand we have Capp's thumping message: his cracker motto philosophy, his reduction of everything to black and white and good and bad, his clumsily overdrawn but trenchant caricature, his ingenuousness and his strength which is surely reminiscent of a totalitarian equivalent. On the other hand his humour, his unflagging cosiness, his feeling for the sexy incident and his cynicism which gives way so easily to sentimentality could come only out of America. And in what other country could Daisy Mae and Li'l Abner have arrived at such an impasse in their ambiguous relationship? How much longer are we and Daisy Mae to be tantalised just below an erotic boiling point? Only the Censor Figure, the Jerome Bosch hag, Mammy Yokum, sibyl and social leader of Dogpatch "as any fool can see," can tell us.

JOHN RICHARDSON

THE MOUNTAIN TRAVELLER

Two Mountains and a River. By H. W. TILMAN. *Cambridge University Press.* 21*s.*

The two mountains are Rakaposhi in the Karakoram and Muztagh Ata in Sinkiang; the river is the Oxus; and the book describes Mr. Tilman's post-war return to the Himalayas in 1947. He had no vaulting ambitions; he wanted to travel alone with a few Sherpa porters. "But an aimless wanderer is not pleasing to the mandarins"; permission to go through Kashmir was slow in coming, and when the chance came to join a Swiss party bent on the 25,500-foot Rakaposhi, Mr. Tilman found it sensible and convenient to accept. They spent two months on the approach to the mountain and the attempt to climb it; they tried two routes and reached a height of 20,000 feet, but were beaten by bad weather, new snow, and ridges more difficult than had appeared from below. Mr. Tilman then left the Swiss and set out for a rendezvous across the Karakoram with Mr. Eric Shipton, his companion on the exploration of Nanda Devi, then consul at Kashgar. With Shipton, he got very nearly to the top of the 24,000-foot Muztagh Ata, Sven Hedin's "Father of Ice Mountains"; but the snow turned bad, they left themselves too far to go in too little time, and a bitingly cold wind harried them off the mountain with a few frost-bitten fingers and toes.

After an interval of melon-eating and gossip with the lonely Russian consul in Kashgar, Mr. Tilman decided to take another way home to India, by the source of the Oxus and over the Hindu Kush to Gilgit, which involved cutting across an outstretched finger of Afghanistan. It hardly seemed likely that there would be anyone to bother about his lack of an Afghan visa, before he nipped back over the mountains to India; but just after he had forded the Little Pamir river, an officious local chieftain insisted on sending him under escort to Sarhad, forty miles down the Oxus. At Sarhad, he was passed on to Ishkashim—over a hundred miles farther west, and farther from India; for part of the way the rough track on which they jogged ran within a mile or so of the Russian lorry-road the other side of the Oxus. After some days' close arrest at Ishkashim he was pushed another sixty miles out of his way, to Faizabad; and just as it looked as if freedom could only be regained at Kabul, he was released, and escorted to the frontier on the Dorha pass.

Count Folke Bernadotte

An authoritative biography by

RALPH HEWINS

This book tells of Count Bernadotte's life and work, from his early days in Sweden to his tragic death last year. The author was closely associated with Count Bernadotte for many years and he writes with distinction of a man who will always be remembered for his valiant efforts to bring peace to the world.

Ready February 9th 18/-

ORDER IT NOW!

HUTCHINSON

February 6

C. E. VULLIAMY

HENRY PLUMDEW

his memoirs, experiences and opinions 1938 - 1948

CRICHTON PORTEOUS

his finest novel

CHANGING VALLEY

February 27

H. E. BATES

a new short novel

DEAR LIFE

MICHAEL JOSEPH

ECONOMIC THOUGHT AND POLICY

by D. H. MACGREGOR

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

5s. net

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS

by J. W. MACKAIL

with an introduction by SIR SYDNEY COCKERELL

WORLD'S CLASSICS—DOUBLE VOLUME

7s. net

FORMAL SPRING

Translations from French Renaissance Poetry

by R. N. CURREY

10s. 6d. net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Byron: A Self-Portrait

LETTERS & DIARIES 1798 to 1824

Edited by

PETER QUENNELL

Byron's memoirs were, regrettably, burnt; but these two volumes give, in the poet's own inimitable words, a complete picture of his evolution as a man, poet and lover. Mr. Quennell has used, as well as all material previously available, many important new letters recently discovered. "The whole collection has been chosen and dovetailed with such skill that it truly warrants its title and we have, in essence, an autobiography."—*Evening News. Two volumes. 42s. net the set.*

Albemarle Library Edition of

The Private Diaries of

Daisy: Princess of Pless

1873-1914

Edited by

D. CHAPMAN-HUSTON

From the Princess of Pless's two earlier volumes of memoirs. "A private commentary of the frankest character; vivid, intimate & human."—*The Observer. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.*

JOHN MURRAY

CHILDREN OF EUROPE

By Dorothy Macardle, 21/- Immensely important survey of their wartime suffering & present condition: provides indispensable knowledge to all who would work for their salvation.

"I was deeply & overwhelmingly moved by this book"—*Lady Allen of Hurtwood*

"Valuable book . . . The completest statement of facts & figures behind that poignant film THE SEARCH"—*New Statesman*

"In nearly every way an excellent piece of reporting & collating . . . Intersperses colossal figures with heart-rending tales of individuals, so that the reader feels that to help even one child is important"—*Times Lit. Supp.*

"Much too sobering a book ever to be a best-seller"—*B'ham Mail*

"Earns our thanks for compelling our attention to our children"—*Scotsman*

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA ENSLAVED

By Ripka, only survivor of Benes-Masaryk-Ripka trio, 18/-

"Most authoritative & detailed account yet available of episode which, more than any other, made West aware of true nature of Soviet Imperialism"—*Muggeridge (Telegraph)*

"A handbook to Communist methods for overthrowing a democracy. Astonishing story"—*Ewer (Herald)*

"A political document of considerable importance since it gives first-hand account of the events . . . Dispassionate clarity . . . Dreadful story"—*C. V. Wedgwood (Time & Tide)*

GOLLANCZ

The mountains had not been climbed, the return journey had been badly messed up. At the time, the frustrations were real enough, but there is no frustration in the narrative. Like all Mr. Tilman's books, it is a record less of achievement than of a special kind of life. He was obviously a happy man from the moment he left Abbottabad in a lorry to the moment he dropped down to Chitral, "tired, lousy and bereft of my diaries". Many Himalayan books hurry over the preliminary stages, and drop the reader abruptly at the foot of the mountain. But Mr. Tilman is no altitude snob. The approach march, with its apricot feasts and memorable bathes, was as much a part of the whole experience as the traverse of snow ridges at 20,000 feet; and the Swiss climbers' notion of flying to the base—they, after all, were anxious primarily to climb Rakaposhi—made nonsense to Mr. Tilman:

> I felt uncommonly happy at trekking once more behind a string of mules with their bright head bands, gaudy red wool tassels, and jingling bells, over a road and country new to me, with the promise of sixteen such days ahead.

Mr. Tilman has the good traveller's knack of enjoying the particularity of an experience; a polo match played against a background of Nanga Parbat's fluted ice and snow; the first evening on the Chinese side of the mountains, eating pastry of angelic flakiness in a *yort* while a boy played a three-stringed fiddle and a traveller told the latest lies from Misgar; the bazaars of Kashgar bursting with melons, "green and golden spheres, sliced half moons of cream and scarlet"; a village under the Hindu Kush, with bullocks stamping round a threshing-floor and a boy behind them to catch the droppings in a wicker spoon. Even the maddening Afghan officials—the patience-playing Commissar, the smooth deceitful Scholar—are portrayed with a sort of retrospective affection. Indeed the whole narrative illustrates that obscure law governing travel books, that a misadventure must have been most genuinely suffered at the time to yield its full enjoyment later in print.

Climbers can learn from Mr. Tilman not to be too solemn about their pleasures. No doubt this is easier for him than for some others; after all he has stood on top of the highest mountain yet climbed. Yet I cannot help contrasting his many-sided enjoyment—of yaks, *yorts* and melons as well as rock, ice and mountain bivouacs—with the stern words in *La Montagne* about this year's French expedition to Dhaulagiri: *nous ne pouvons avoir qu'un but—réussir*. *Two Mountains and a River* is also a book for the general reader who can enjoy the unusual and exhilarating spectacle of a man of intelligence and sensibility doing precisely what he most wants to do.

JANET ADAM SMITH

THE HEARTH AND THE CLOISTER

Caroline Clive. From the Diary and Family Papers of Mrs. Archer Clive (1801-1873). Edited by MARY CLIVE. *Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.

I Leap Over The Wall. By MONICA BALDWIN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Those who, mistakenly, I think, choose to regard biography as untrimmed fiction may complain with justice that the climax in life is ill-placed, or even absent. There are compensations, however. The rules of probability, which fetter invention, are waived. No detail is insignificant. As for the pronouncement of the Rev. Archer Clive (whose wife we shall shortly meet) that "biography is the most melancholy reading in the world, and the nearer it approaches to auto, the more melancholy it is"—nothing could be more hollow.

Caroline Clive has already some hold on our attention. Her novel *Paul Ferroll*, published in 1855, was translated into French, and gave its name to a verbena. She appears, I believe, in *The Dictionary of National Biography*; Professor Saintsbury devotes to her writings a page of the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. From these or other sources arises the recollection that she was wealthy, lame and plain; that she married at forty and lived to see her grandchildren; that she wrote a volume of cheerless poems ("some," says the present editor "are so like good poetry as to be almost a parody"), made a stir with the powerful and gloomy *Paul Ferroll*, and died eventually by fire. What this outline fails to suggest, and these newly published family papers reveal, is her vigorous and astringent personality, of which the tragic mood, one suspects, was no more than a literary luxury. Jane Austen (omitting, of course, the writings) might have conceived her—so sensible, so outspoken, and, at last, so comfortably fortunate.

For did she not, though, in the words of Crabb Robinson, so "very, very plain," marry the excessively eligible Archer Clive, the handsome clergyman to whom, as a parishioner, she had long been devoted? (They had in 1840, a few months before his proposal, been on a Continental holiday together, but she had not expected the gratifying *dénouement*.) Yet, as an independent pre-Victorian, her life had not lacked interest. She had been hostess to a gay bachelor brother—generous, to judge from his letters, in sending her "rhino" for new "togs." She had taken part in the contemporary equivalent of Local Government. At thirty-seven, with a maid, and a courier named Caspar, she spent a month in France. Here, she records, strangers chatted with her freely. Her neighbour at the opera asked about her lameness. "Funny that a subject which has never been mentioned between my best friend and me," she comments, "should be all out with her in five minutes." She called on Mrs. Gore, found her looking fat, stately and beautiful; she noted that remarkable woman's method of writing: forty pages a day was her average.

Much of the pleasure of reading these documents is due to the wit and charm of the editing and of the editorial commentary. Our curiosity about Archer Clive before the marriage is roused and satisfied; his happiness afterwards is evident. In spite of his profession a gay air of the Regency never quite deserts him. "In the evening," he writes in 1843, "I read an improper tale to my wife, who was much amused by it." He describes his book-club meeting as "bloody genteel," and, at an earlier date, observes of the portrait of the future Prince Consort: "If he resembles it he is good-natured but decidedly soft and weak, and that won't do for such a little vixen as he is to marry." Seen through the eyes of this well-matched couple, prosperous landed gentry, the century lumbers on. Typhus and consumption rage in the overcrowded cottages. The Clives organise parish relief. A boy sweep is rescued from a cruel owner and sent to the Workhouse; overcome by its "luxury" he clings to its Master. Archer thinks that the railroads give people more chance than coaches of meeting gentlefolk. Caroline is surprised to find that the Tennyson d'Eyncourts spring from an attorney. "How long one may know people intimately, yet never learn that they are next of kin to an attorney." Her notes on Mrs. Browning are acid; on Mrs. Norton admiring but guarded; on Florence Nightingale unexpected. It seems a pity that her taste for melodrama prevented her from employing on the purely domestic novel her shrewdness, her irony, and her zest for the details of life.

Temperament, as well as a century of time, separates Mrs. Clive from the author of *I Leap Over the Wall*, a book recording a rare, almost unprecedented experience. At the age of twenty-one, just before the 1914 war, Miss Baldwin entered a convent, "one of the oldest and most strictly enclosed contemplative orders" in this country. She realised—but not before she had taken her final vows—that she had mistaken her vocation, and in 1941, though remaining a Catholic, was granted an unconditional release. At this point her book begins. Fresh from twenty-eight years in the monastic Middle Ages, she describes her entrance—return it can scarcely be called—into a world almost wholly unfamiliar. Mrs. Clive out of the 19th century might have attuned herself more readily. In Miss Baldwin's cloistered life initiative and independent reasoning had had no place. She was accustomed to habits of silence, of walking with downcast eyes, of effacing from memory every kind of impression, almost, as she says, before it was received. Freedom involved noise, crowds, hurry, unreticent clothes and speech, a new vocabulary, changed standards of beauty, taste and manners, the constant need for thought and decision. Not young, and without other qualifications than an expert knowledge of St. Augustine and of the art of illuminating manuscripts, she had difficulty in finding work. Applying, for instance, for a post in the Admiralty, she was required to answer a paper on General Information, for which a monastic career had not equipped her.

> I composed (she relates) an introductory note in which I explained the situation . . . I then wrote out in the form of questions and answers some fairly erudite facts about the Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries. I drew up several neat little tables of dates and a genealogy of the rather complicated family of the Emperor Constantine. And I ended with an essay entitled *Points of Contrast Between London in* 1913 *and* 1943.

The Admiralty, with some lack of imagination, rejected this unorthodox candidature. It was easier to become (as she did) a Land Girl; later, to serve in a munition workers' hostel in the

In the Current Issue of

Universities Quarterly

Editor: C. R. Morris
Vice-Chancellor, University of Leeds

Vol. 4 No. 2 February 104 Pages Five Shillings

six university psychologists have contributed the following articles to a Symposium on

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE UNIVERSITIES

Professor James Drever
Philosophy and Psychology

Professor A. W. Wolters
Psychology in the University

Professor L. S. Hearnshaw
The Contents of University Courses in Psychology

Professor John Cohen — *Social Psychology*
Dr. John D. Sutherland — *Clinical Psychology*

Alec Rodger
Industrial Psychology

In the same issue Professor T. H. Silcock writes on *Training Social Workers in Universities*, Professor F. T. Brooks on *Research in Agriculture*, and Lady Simon of Wythenshawe on *Two Women: Beatrice Webb and Eleanor Rathbone*.

Book Reviews by Sir Percival Waterfield, Maurice de Saumarez, Sir Raymond Priestley, Bonamy Dobrée, J. C. Maxwell and Elizabeth Layton.

POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION:
One Pound ($3.50) a year to any address, from the Publishers.

Universities Quarterly
10, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

A BANKING CAREER IN THE EAST.

THE EASTERN BANK LTD. has a few vacancies in executive positions for suitable men willing to enter into a banking career in the East. Applicants should be between 20 and 24 years of age and unmarried.
Applications, which should include particulars of banking training, should be addressed to
THE SECRETARY, THE EASTERN BANK LTD., 2,3 CROSBY SQUARE LONDON, E.C.3

CONTINENTAL *Holidays!*

Write for Programme NOW
W.T.A. 49, GILLINGHAM ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Available again

ILLUSION AND REALITY

Christopher Caudwell

342 pp. 21s.

★

Just reprinted

FOUNDATIONS OF LENINISM

Joseph Stalin

112 pp. 1s. 6d.

★

Ready February 9

SERVING MY TIME

Harry Pollitt

This is the long-awaited reprint of the reminiscences of childhood and early manhood of the General Secretary of the Communist Party.

292 pp. Paper covers 5s.

LAWRENCE & WISHART

Chapter of Governesses

A Study of the Governess in English Fiction 1800-1949

KATHARINE WEST

'A rewarding bedside book.'—*Daily Mail*

'Fascinating . . . all the highlights are here.'—*Liverpool Daily Post*

'A book which, in the overworked idiom of the screen, "every woman will love."'—*Fortnightly Review*

'An unusual view of 19th century manners and customs.'—*Times Lit. Supp.*

12s. 6d.

COHEN & WEST

109 Great Russell Street, W.C.1

BEFORE the Election THE best book . . .

PROBLEMS OF SOCIALIST ENGLAND

by BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL

Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

"Portrays questions which every sensible Englishman should anxiously be asking for himself."—John Jewkes in *The Manchester Guardian*.

"A disturbing picture, but this honest and acute observer sees a change for the better."—D. W. Brogan in *The Observer*.

"This brilliant survey of the change in the temper of England."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

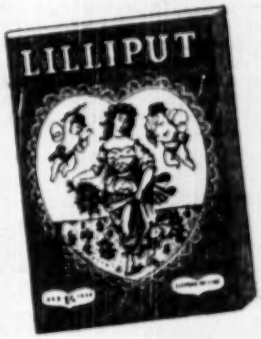
"Brilliant, lucid, profound, devastatingly acute."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

"A germinal book, a contemporary classic."—*The Fortnightly*.

A BATCHWORTH BOOK

Ask for a copy from your Bookseller or Library.

Have you got the *Lilliput* General Election number?



Whatever your politics — everyone with a vote needs the Lilliput General Election number. It's the *real* background to all those shiny bits of paper they are shoving in your letter box. *Do you know what Lord X said in '24?* Claud Cockburn tells you. *Who got elected for Burnley* on the slogan "giving politics the hell of a kick in the neck"? Henry Hector tells you. Gulliver meets a heckler; Engelbrecht gets in at Monkslust. An essential Handbook or Voter's Vade-mecum.

Get Lilliput today. 1/- from all bookstalls.

Let's look **into . . .**

. . . POLITICS

Crystal-gazers, water diviners, or opinion-pollsters may know the upshot of February 23rd. Those of us with more bread and butter jobs can only try and understand the nature of the choice before us. However much we know our own minds, are we sure that as voters we really understand the nature and scope of politics?

In **The Claim of Politics** series, four pamphlets deal with: **What is Politics?** by Leonard Woolf (February 4th), **Think Before You Vote** by Rupert Crawshay-Williams (February 11th), **Politics Between Elections** by Lionel Elvin (March 4th), and lastly a report of a survey on why two constituencies voted the way they did.

Current Affairs 9d. single copy post paid. Annual subscription 15s.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

fortnightly

THE BUREAU OF CURRENT AFFAIRS 117 PICCADILLY LONDON W.1

HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN or ABROAD

CHA

For nearly 60 years we have been arranging holidays for those who enjoy friendly companionship in most attractive centres in this country and on the Continent.

A choice of nearly 50 centres at Home and Abroad.
HOME from **80/-** upwards,
ABROAD from **£25 10 0** for 12 days, including the Swiss Alps, Austrian Tyrol, The Dolomites and Venice, The French Riviera, The Fjords of Norway, The Bavarian Highlands with a visit to the Passion Play of Oberammergau, etc.

Apply early. Write for programme to :—

CO-OPERATIVE HOLIDAYS ASSOCIATION

(Dept. J.) BIRCH HEYS, FALLOWFIELD, MANCHESTER, 14.

London University Examinations

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, founded 1887, prepares students by post for London University Matriculation, General Certificate of Education, Special Entrance, Intermediate and Degree examinations in Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Laws, etc.; also for M.A., and various Diplomas and Certificates. **The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Moderate fees; instalments.**

★ *More than* **19,500** *U.C.C. students PASSED London University examinations during 1930-1949.*

PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

UNIV. CORR. COLL.
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

LIFE-BOAT FACTS

LIVES SAVED

Over 75,000 lives have been saved since the Life-boat Service was established in 1824. An average of 11 lives per week. Help the life-boat men in this magnificent work by sending a contribution.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., *Treasurer*,
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., *Secretary*.

PARADISE REGAINED—she found his King Six Cigars. 1 7 each.

north of England, then in an army canteen. The rough life she encountered, though its crudities would have appalled even a less sensitive soul, could hardly have been more thoroughly and violently instructive.

Miss Baldwin's Gulliver-view of ourselves, before the first impact becomes blurred, is enlightening and a little disconcerting. Were this a work of fiction, the opportunities for satire would be unlimited—but of course there can be no satirical intention in her bright and guileless gaze. Sometimes it is turned upon that vanished but curiously positive self in the nun's habiliments. Even then, we discover, she had ventured to criticise convent hygiene, the inadequate understanding shown by visiting bishops, the unsuitability of plain chant to women's voices; she had disliked St. Teresa though she was profoundly moved by St. John of the Cross. Human personality is not, it seems, so easily effaced. We should not overlook certain retrospective passages describing other aspects of this medieval world. One is of the ceremonial of the meal in the chill refectory. Another is of the rich beauty of the church vestments. A third is of the early morning duty of waking her sister nuns. "One was almost afraid to break the night's tremendous silence and set in motion the complex machinery of another long monastic day." It is in such descriptions that we recognise the intense romantic imagination that has been to the author throughout her strange life so imperative a guide.

NAOMI LEWIS

STRINDBERG AGAIN!

Strindberg : An Introduction to his Life and Work. By BRITA M. E. MORTENSEN and BRIAN M. DOWNS. *Cambridge University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Yes, again! Last year's centenary hasn't quelled him, though the occasion, here at any rate, rivalled one of his own barmecide feasts or snap Judgment Days. One sensitively devoted but uncritical Life (by a woman, of course!) and the parrot chant of the dully critical; a couple of serious articles; a reprint of the half-dozen best known plays; *The Father*, inevitably revived, and a more spirited adaptation to radio of *The Dream Play*; such the "celebrations"—Strindbergian indeed.

And, now it's all over, we begin again. Where Miss Sprigge in her *Strange Life of August Strindberg* had sided passionately, two colleagues now warily approach. Miss Mortensen is a Swede and Mr. Downs English; Miss Mortensen lectures at Cambridge, Mr. Downs has written an Ibsen study. So, cool, if culturally intertwined, they advance; and their aim is modest—to provide (what's badly needed) a terse, scholarly, balanced Introduction to the subject. Here, within academic limits, are the facts, the outline, the perspective, the cautious—the over-cautious—estimate. Strindberg's life, with the fascination squeezed out, has been packed by Mr. Downs into 88 pages; for the remaining 140 pages Miss Mortensen brings the plays, novels, stories, autobiographies, essays, poems, etc.—that vast heterogeneous output—into as sober a conspectus as has come our English way. It is unfortunate that, by a maldistribution of effort—one taking the man and the other his works—a good deal of ground should have to be covered twice: no writer was ever less divisible from his writings than Strindberg. That fault apart, however, the book decently achieves its object. It does, with conspicuous fairness, introduce; it puts a drag on what might be called the downhill or faster-faster appreciation of this author. In one passage Miss Mortensen comes near to crystallising a point of view:

> Strindberg, then, unlike Goethe in *Faust*, never, in all his plays, attained to a philosophic and aesthetic detachment in respect of his experience of life . . . Often he conceives a drama under the influence of one belief, and, before he has finished it . . . has moved on to another point of view. All this makes for inconsistency, but reveals also an enormous, almost animal, vitality, which somehow carries him over his own morbid vulnerability . . . Boldness in conception he never lacks, nor the gift of language, and his most grotesque creations can take on the relief and rich colouring of a Rouault masterpiece. There were occasions when he himself realised where lay his greatest gift. A letter to his German translator, Emil Shering, sums up his contribution to the European drama: "We have a hundred dramas to create. But I must participate, and sketch them out, for in that lies my strength."

That begins to define. Why then—with so many academic virtues to their credit—do these co-authors finally let their quarry slip away? One answer might be that, as every critic knows who has tried to hold him, Strindberg is a slippery customer. But another and perhaps truer answer is that the English reader can be even slipperier: him the authors of *Strindberg : An Introduction to his Life and Work* have set out to catch, and with such bait they hardly look like doing it.

Will Strindberg ever be enjoyed or understood in England? I doubt it. As a people we cling to our proprieties and pretences too closely, and our chief weapon against eccentricity, hatred, and misery, of which we have our full share, is the much vaunted sense of humour. Dickens is the English Strindberg. Strindberg himself bequeaths a cutting irony, a monstrous insight. Against such a writer our instinct is to exclaim: "Go away! Leave us alone! You're a maniac, you see everything in distortion, and really we aren't at all so bad as you make out. Get out of our lives, which are troubled enough anyway, and never dare to come back!" Once seen and felt, however, this maniac—so much more wounding to self-esteem than any English writer except possibly Swift—can't be forgotten; he will come back again and again, to haunt our worst moments with a terrible charm. But, as I have said, English pomposity and humour (the two going quite naturally together) are proof against puncture.

A final echo from last year's centenary recurs to me. Writing in anger to the newspapers from Stockholm, an expatriate Englishman wanted to know why we insisted on calling him Strindberg, when it was pronounced (as everyone should know) *Strindberry*. Strindberry! If only someone had thought to divulge this forty years ago! Strindberry, I feel, might have gone far with us, as the author of the most popular fairy tales since *Gulliver's Travels*.

G. W. STONIER

Right Forward Folk. By S. L. BENSUSAN. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

How to introduce Mr. Bensusan to the "literary" reader, if they have not already met: there lies the problem. Mr. Bensusan has a most genuine feeling for his subject matter, but a lesser one for words and for style. But he pretends to no more. In the Preface he says:—

> My highest ambition has been to serve as a glow-worm in a marshland lane; just as she shows a tiny light to the traveller after nightfall, I hoped to light a tiny patch of vanishing countryside for those who in years to come might welcome a guide.

This volume of short stories again pictures with sympathy and affection the Essex marshlands and a way of life that is passing. The stories are short—on the average, six to eight pages; they are tight in structure and have a beginning, a middle and an end. Perhaps they are too short and their structure, virtue though this is, too apparent. For the anecdotal tales this structure suits well, but in others which delve deeper (the hold of the marshlands on those who farm them), the thoughts and characters of his people are not always allowed to develop at their own tempo, but are bent to illustrate a theme or point a moral.

Assure your copy of
The New Statesman and Nation
by placing a definite order with your newsagent or becoming a Postal Subscriber
(*particulars on page* 145)

THE SAP'S GUIDE TO THE GENERAL ELECTION

"If you cannot grasp the simplest ideology,
If you're groping towards the poll without a clue,
We recommend this guide without apology,
It's been designed especially for you."

SAGITTARIUS & VICKY

Nursing a New Constituency

UP THE POLL!

2s. 6d. net

TURNSTILE PRESS

OPERA

Published on alternate months—the only magazine of its kind in the world. The first number on sale February 13 contains articles by STEUART WILSON, NEVILLE CARDUS, ERWIN STEIN and CHANNELL HARDY, news and criticisms of recent productions and is profusely illustrated by photographs and drawings.

Edited by
THE EARL OF HAREWOOD

Price 2s. 60 pages art paper.

Usual newsagents or plus 2d post from :—
Mersey House, 132-4 Fleet St., London, E.C.4
Subscriptions: 3 months 6/6 post free

Whenever You Think of Writing, Think of the L.S.J.

The London School of Journalism, *founded 30 years ago by journalists*—under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors—has raised the standard of correspondence coaching to a level that has won the admiration of editors and students alike.
The L.S.J. gives personal instruction in Journalism, Story writing, Poetry, Literature and History. If you have not yet seen, "Writing for the Press," write today for a free copy.

Prospectus Office:
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, W.C.1
MUSEUM 4574

The GENERAL ELECTION

will be the main news in the weeks ahead

For fair summaries of the leaders' speeches.

For independent critical scrutiny of the party programmes.

For impartial surveys of the prospects in constituencies all over the country.

Follow the campaign from day to day in

The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Why Euphorion?

Euphorion is the name given by Goethe to the offspring of Faust and Helen. Euphorion is the synthesis of the romantic north and the classic south—the synthesis which is European culture. Among Euphorion books are **Goethe's** *Faust (Parts 1 & 2 in one volume). Translated by Bayard Taylor. 12/6;* **Virgil's** *Georgics in Latin with the* **Dryden** *translation. 10/6;* **Plato's** *The Immortality of the Soul. 7/6 and* **Balzac's** *The Duchesse de Langeais. Translated by D. Mitford. 6/-.*

302 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W.1

THIS ENGLAND
1946-1949
Illustrated by
RONALD SEARLE
2/-
Third large reprint NOW READY
TURNSTILE PRESS
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

ACADEMY EXHIBITION HALL
165 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
YUGOSLAV EMBASSY—LONDON
& THE ANGLO-YUGOSLAV FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY
present
YUGOSLAV FOLK ART EXHIBITION
Daily until 18th Feb. from 10.30 a.m.-5 p.m. Open Sundays

From the FEBRUARY issue of
WORLD REVIEW

GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.
The Meaning of Liberalism

Dr. JULIAN HUXLEY
Population and Human Destiny

FITZROY MACLEAN
Broadcasting to Russia

CHRISTOPHER SYKES
Sir Max Beerbohm

HERBERT READ
The Mystery of Landscape

WILLIAM SANSOM
The Fly, a story

KENNETH WALKER
Georgy Gurdjieff, A Memoir

And contributions by Alex Comfort, Bernard Miles, Max Beloff, Paul Rotha, etc., etc.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED
NOW ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS, 1/6

PHILOSOPHY
The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy
Edited by Sydney E. Hooper
Vol. XXV. No. 92 **Contents** *January, 1950*

I THE HUMAN PERSON IN CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY Frederick C. Copleston, S.J.
II VALUES IN SPEAKING Professor J.N. Findlay
III MORAL INTUITIONS The Very Rev. the Rt. Hon. Professor R. Corkey
IV A REASONABLE THEORY OF MORALITY (ALEXANDER AND WHITEHEAD) Sydney E. Hooper, O.B.E., M.A.
V DISCUSSION: "A MODERN CONCEPTION OF TIME" Professor E. A. Milne
VI NEW BOOKS
VII CORRESPONDENCE AND NOTICE
VIII INSTITUTE NOTES

Published Quarterly. Price 5s. Annual Subscription 21s.
MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON

WHY THE COMMUNISTS ARE CONTESTING

Articles in February ELECTION NUMBER include:

Election Choice by R. P. D.
The Election—Then and Now by W. GALLACHER.
Election Weapon by HARRY POLLITT.
'Don't Split the Progressive Vote!' by QUAESTOR.

LABOUR MONTHLY
(Founded 1921. Editor: R. Palme Dutt)
1s. at all newsagents. Or 12s. subscription from 7 N.S. 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. BERLIOZ: *Roméo et Juliette*—Queen Mab Scherzo (Paris Conservatoire Orch/Münch. X182); Romeo's Revery, Fête at the Capulets, Love Scene (Ditto. AX293-5). After the beautifully played, but ill-recorded, Toscanini set, it is a pleasure to be able to welcome this new issue unreservedly. I have no fault to find with Münch's conception of the movements, except, perhaps, at the first full announcement of the "love motive" in the Adagio: here the cellos ought, I feel, to come out more strongly. Otherwise the playing of this wonderful music is highly sensitive and vivid. The dynamic range of the recording is unusually wide but perfectly managed, and the string tone has none of the stridency which impairs many Decca issues. HAYDN: No. 100, G major ("Military") (Liverpool Phil Rignold. DX1623-5). I'm afraid this is an untidy and humdrum performance. Though cheaper in price, it is greatly inferior to the LPO Van Beinum set (Decca), in which the detail is very carefully executed and the recording first class. Neither conductor, however, seems quite to see the fun of this high-spirited symphony.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. SCHUMANN: *Manfred*—Overture (NBCSO Toscanini. DB-6992-3). As we should expect, Toscanini makes the most of the feverish eloquence with which Byron's Gothic melodrama inspired Schumann. This is a very beautiful piece of romantic music, but the various machines on which I have tried the records quite failed to make the tone sound anything but harsh and cramped. The *Dance of the Blessed Spirits*, from Gluck's *Orfeo*, provides the fill-up to both this set and that of the Haydn symphony listed above, where it sounds very pedestrian in comparison with Toscanini's beautifully phrased rendering. SCHUBERT: *Rosamunde*—Overture: MENDELSSOHN: Scherzo (from Octet, E flat major) (Hallé/Barbirolli. C3943-4). I see no advantage in this three-sided version over the single—and extremely good—record by LSO Krips (Decca). Barbirolli's performance is of course slower: this and the rather ponderous playing deprive the overture of the *espièglerie* for which it is so well loved. In the Mendelssohn Scherzo, again, the tempo is too slow and the whole effect rather damp. Quite a good recording of this piece by Minneapolis/Mitropoulos (Col) is available as fill-up to Prokofiev's Classical Symphony. ELGAR: *Cockaigne*—Overture (In London Town) Op. 40 (LPO/Van Beinum. AX296-7). A new set of this popular overture was badly needed. The spirit of a bygone London still lives in this good-humoured, tuneful piece, with its backchat and its cheeky gait. Not Elgar at his greatest, *Cockaigne* nevertheless reminds us that London life once had an exuberance, and an individuality, which it has since lost. Van Beinum handles the score with his usual intelligence, concentrating on the variations of colour in each thematic fragment, as it pokes its head out of the complex orchestral texture, rather than trying to obtain a dramatic effect from blare and rhythmic emphasis. In fact, his delicacy of touch recalls Strauss's amusingly paradoxical direction: "Conduct *Salome* and *Elektra* as if they were by Mendelssohn—fairy music." The recording is admirable. VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—Overture (LPO/Solti. X298). This excellent performance bears the same relation to the Markievitch record, noticed recently in this column, as Van Beinum's set (Decca) of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* bears to that of Monteux (H.M.V.). Georg Solti's variations of tempo are less "of the theatre," because not so excessive, as Markievitch's; but the tone, from top to bottom of the orchestra, is more realistic and the cantabile sections are more caressively played. This is one of the occasions when I must ask readers to judge for themselves. There is not much to choose between the two recordings. ADAM: *If I were King*—Overture (Bournemouth Orch/Schwarz. C3945). A charming example of the *opéra comique* style, discerningly conducted and most accurately played. In the more spirited passages the tone is unpleasing. JOSEF STRAUSS: *Sphärenklänge*—Waltz (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX1250). The amorous introduction to this waltz might have been written by Liszt, in one of his more delicate moods. The recent Kleiber recording (Decca) is a very good one, but the new disc has the advantage of a velvety string tone, more satisfactorily recorded. My copy is marred by a faulty pressing, which results in a constant wavering of pitch; but I daresay this would not appear in other copies of the record. BRAHMS: Hungarian Dances, No. 1 in G minor, No. 3 in F major (LSO/Krauss. F9301). An excellent record, very cheap at the price. The performance is extremely authentic and the tone never rowdy.

Chamber Music, Piano, Guitar. BEETHOVEN: Cello Sonata, D major, Op. 102, No. 2 (Fournier/Schnabel. DB6829-31). A beautifully controlled, classical performance. If we cannot quite forget the sombre grandeur of the Casals set (alas! long since deleted), at least we must admit that the Fournier/Schnabel conception is thought out down to the smallest detail. Intellect and feeling are perfectly conjugated in this extraordinary work of Beethoven's late maturity. In the hands of two great artists the mailed power of the sonata, and its mysterious passion, seize upon the imagination. The recording is admirably balanced and the tone always agreeable. CHOPIN: Fourth Scherzo, E major Op. 54 (Kentner. DX1626). On this occasion Louis Kentner's playing lacks sparkle and is none too tidy. So heavy-footed a rendering makes one of Chopin's finest works seem unduly long. Despite its age, the Horowitz record (H.M.V.) is distinctly preferable. SCHUMANN: Sonata, G minor, Op. 22 (Kathleen Long. AK2300-2). What mood of distraction—what sudden access of defeatism—can have induced Decca to issue this set? Miss Long plays Schumann sensitively, though not, on this occasion, with unvarying accuracy; but nothing can excuse the tin-pot recording, which recalls some of the worst products of the war period. TURINA: *Fandanguillo*; TORROBA: *Arada and Danza* (Segovia. LX1248). If I were asked to single out from Segovia's many records the one which displayed the widest scope of his art, I think I should choose this one. Turina's *Fandanguillo* is not negligible as music, and it calls out so much of Segovia's elaborate battery of effects that one suspects it of having been written expressly for his guitar.

Vocal. MOZART: *Die Entführung*—"Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lose" (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf/Vienna Phil/Krips. LX1249). A tender pathos, which is the outstanding quality of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's operatic assumptions, is also the chief emotion conveyed by the second of Constanze's three big arias. This is a lovely record, for, apart from the beautiful smoothness of the vocal part, the orchestral playing and the balance are just right. MASSENET: *Manon—Le rêve de Des Grieux*; BIZET: *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*—"Je crois entendre encore" (Richard Lewis/LSO/Krips. K2291). A very creditable record. It cannot, however, be said that the "Dream" sounds in the least French. Mr. Lewis seems unduly afraid of sentimentality, and the consciously oriental flavour of Bizet's beautiful aria is lost because the singer refuses to dwell on leading notes (as it is intended he should). But the quality of the singing is excellent and the balance good. CALDARA: *Sebben, crudele*; MARCELLO: *Quella fiamma* (Gigli/Orch/Carnevali. DB6995). If allowance is made for Gigli's lachrymose style, for his exaggerated *rallentandi*, and for the dubious taste with which "Quella fiamma" is arranged, there remains a good deal to enjoy in this record, which is well made and contains some fine vocal tone. The songs themselves are good examples of eighteenth century Italian sentiment. VERDI: *Aida*—"Veleste Aïda"; NUTILE: "Mamma mia" (Mario Lanza/Orch/Callinicos. DB6996). There can be little doubt that this young tenor possesses a magnificent organ. It seems equally clear that he is a poor artist, for he does not scruple to employ cheap Neapolitan devices with which Italian tenors sometimes seek to purchase easy applause. The recording of "Celeste Aïda" is very much better than that of "Mamma mia," which distorts badly. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Eine Nacht in Venedig*—"Ach, wie so herrlich"; *Der Zigeunerbaron*—"Ja, das schreiben und das lesen" (Erich Kunz/Vienna Volksoper Orch/Paulik. LB86). In the air from *Eine Nacht in Venedig* Erich Kunz is at his best (and how good that is!). "Ja, das schreiben" depends for its effect almost entirely on knowledge of the words: without this aid, the singer's delivery may seem overdone and not particularly funny. In this air, moreover, the voice is uncomfortably near the microphone.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

It is a new—and refreshing—experience to listen to recorded music reproduced by means of the

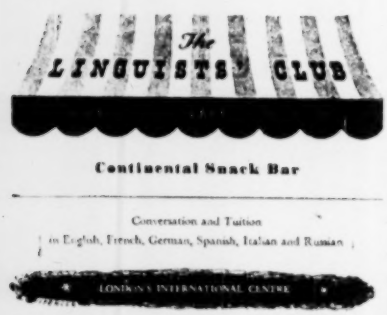
ENOCK INSTRUMENT

To achieve such necessary perfection a new technique has been used, in which music is the guiding star, and also the target

JOSEPH ENOCK LTD.

273a, HIGH STREET, BRENTFORD, MIDDX.

PERivale 3570



Week-end Competitions

No. 1,042

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for a Clerihew epitomising the plot of any famous novel. Entries by February 14th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,039

Set by Janet Adam Smith

The usual prizes are offered for a Marching Song of not more than 20 lines, for Benelux, Fritalux, Finebel or Ukiscan, or any combination of those entities.

Report by Janet Adam Smith

Marching—not hopping, jigging or prancing. Only a centipede or a grasshopper could have kept up with some of the entries. (How do *you* march to the rhythm of the Nightmare Song in *Iolanthe*, R. Gaffikin?) More realistic competitors indicated the tune for their words—*Clementine*, *John Brown's Body*, *Onward Christian Soldiers*, the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*,

Bandera Rossa : Bernard Rebel even indicated where the drums beat and the feet fell. Joyce Longley contrived an impressive last line with *Benelluxukiscan-fritabel-bel-bel*, and many competitors availed themselves of the offer to combine the various unions. Two guineas to L. E. J.; sixteen shillings each to E. M., H. M. K., Isabel Finlayson, Guy Kendall and Leo Pliatzky. Honourable mention, Guy Innes, Pithecus.

Tune : Soldiers' Chorus in Gounod's "Faust."
"Brown Boots and Mulligatawny Soup"

Left, Right, all living on Marshall Aid !
Left, Right, all willing to make the grade !
Left, Right, all telling that Spaak's afraid
That Britain won't play,
That Brit-Britain won't play !
Some say : Winnie's our man,
(Bevin and Co. go hang !)
Some say : Britain will plan
After the atom bang !
All say : Benelux can
Set us upon the way,
If Britain will play,
If Britain will play,
If Brit-Britain will play !
Left, Right, from Brussels to Amsterdam !
Left, Right, our Benelux show's a sham,
Left, Right, not good for a twopenny damn,
If Britain won't play,
If Brit-Britain won't play !

L. E. J.

Tune : Men of Harlech

Fritalucians ! joy awaits you ;
Though the spiral now inflates you,
Underwritten by the States you
Yet shall pay your way.
Though alone the world may flout you,
Reds within and debts without you,
Yet united none can doubt you
Soon will win the day.
Bind them ever nearer !
Florin, franc and lira !
Shatter all that tariff wall
And leave your road the clearer !
Quit the ranks of also-ranners !
Let this message on your banners :
"Union now against the planners"
Every fear allay.

E. M.

CHORUS : March ! marsch ! marsj' ! the Ukiscanders,
High ! hǿj ! hög ! our voices raise ;
Marching Left and marching Right, we are spoiling for a fight,
And with Sterling deeds we'll set the world ablaze.
UKI : We're the Uki boys by jingo !
Though we may not know the lingo
Of the Norse and Danes and Swedes that live in Scan,
Yet we'll show they're not forsaken,
For we'll fight to save our bacon
By a comprehensive monetary plan.
CHORUS : March ! marsch ! marsj' ! *etc.*
SCAN : Marching onward, Norse and Viking,
To our foemen terror striking,
With a sheaf of British bank-notes at our side ;
See their merchants flee in horror,
As from Sodom or Gomorrah,
When we spread the Sterling assets far and wide.
CHORUS : March ! marsch ! marsj' ! *etc.*

H. M. K.

Tune : Upidee

The shades of war had slightly cleared,
(N.C.B.! E.R.P. !)
When on the nations' lips appeared
(R.S.P.C.C. !)
A novel compound. White as snow,
Or suds, our banners front the foe.
Bene-bene-bene-lux,
Fiat pax—there's the crux !
Vivant U.S.A. (aw, shucks !)
Bene-bene-lux !
G-r-r-r-U.N.O.!
And now in Europe's cockpit find
(M.R.A.! T.V.A.!)
The true non-Cominformist mind.
(U.N.R.R.A.!)
Free Enterprise we'll keep alive,
That so the fittest may survive.
Benelux, *etc.*

ISABEL FINLAYSON

Three little solvent countries we :
Two build castles down by the sea
One of us smiles with road-side fruit :
All of us *bons enfants, sehr gut*
March Benelux, march with care,
Marchons, vorwärts everywhere.

Finebel, Ukiscan, may be thick ;
We three *besser Zusammen* stick ;
Nederland, Belgique, pool the tax
Share *les dépenses* till Doomsday cracks.
Lux, Benelux, we've good store ;
Act all together and stave off war.

Three little lands quite well-to-do,
Exports lavish and imports few.
Our ammunition and our tom-toms,
Pooled, are enough for a million bombs,
Spend one another's francs/marks with care;
Marchons, vorwärts everywhere.

GUY KENDALL

Three in one and one for three,
Brave new Benelux are we.
On we march towards our goal,
Freedom from exchange control.
Barriers between the nations—
Import licence regulations,
Customs, quotas, tariff wall,
Pre-war datum—all shall fall.
On we march towards the dawn
Where no dollar gap shall yawn.
Europe's model we shall be.
Forward from O.E.E.C.
On to non-discrimination,
Economic integration,
And for every currency
Full convertibility—
Each shall hold its head aloft,
None be hard and none be soft.
Onward to fulfil our plan—
Benefrituxukiscan.

LEO PLIATZKY

CHESS: How Far Can You See?

No. 22

Some time ago I called it "bad luck" for Alekhine that an ingenious little combination, seven or eight moves deep, was not as profitable as it looked ; indeed it led to a position which happened to conceal a forced win, a dozen moves deep, for his opponent. I argued that, even for an Alekhine, it was impossible to see twenty moves ahead. Or wasn't it? I wonder.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32s. 6d. ; Six months, 16s. 3d. ; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 5s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to :
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS *Inc.*
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 1½d. ; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, ½d.*

I would not try to generalise on how far a chessmaster *can* be expected to see. It would much depend on whether it is a clear-cut or a complex position.

Here—Capablanca-Bernstein, Petersburg 1914—is one of the most famous examples of foresight in chess literature.

Capablanca continued				
(16) P-QKt4 ! !	B-R2	(25)	Kt-Q6 ch	K-Kt3
(17) B x QKtP !	RP x B	(26)	Kt-R4 ch	K-R4
(18) Kt x KtP	Q-Q1	(27)	Kt x Q !	R x Q
(19) Kt-Q6 ch	K-B1	(28)	Kt x KtP ch	K-R3
(20) R x BP	Kt-Kt3	(29)	Kt(7)-B5 ch	K-R4
(21) B - R4	Q-Q2	(30)	P-KR3 ! !	Kt-B1
(22) Kt x B !	Q x R	(31)	P x Kt ch	K x P
(23) Q-Q8 ch	Q-K1	(32)	B x R	R x B
(24) B-K7 ch	K-B2	(33)	P-Kt3 and wins easily	

I wonder if, when starting the combination on his 16 move, Capa foresaw every bit of it up to his equally brilliant 30 move.

Here—won by Grimmenstein, Vienna 1915—is a combination ten moves deep but easy enough to see. Black played P-KB4, whereupon White grabbed the enemy Queen and, forthwith, lost all his bits and pieces. How? Yet how, by shunning Kt x Q could he have turned the tables on his opponent at once?

This one—Mason-Winaver, Vienna 1882—is a combination far more difficult to see, although it is only six moves deep. But they aren't quite so obvious. Mason (White) to move and win forcibly. How did he do *it*?

In this position White had to play Q-Kt2, so as to counter the threat of Q-R8, whereupon Black (B. Ullrich) announced a "mate in 10." How did he live up to the announcement? Competitors, for the usual prizes, are invited to provide solutions and to comment on their own (or other people's) experience of "far-sightedness" in chess. Entries by February 13.

* * *

I want to thank readers who have kindly expressed their gratification about this column now being a weekly feature. But the premature arrival of some entries for last week's competition seems to point to a certain amount of confusion caused by the change. So I had better repeat that competitors still have *two* week-ends to do their stuff, the only change being that results now appear *three* weeks after the event. Thus, next week will reveal the result of Competition No. 18, the following week that of No. 19 and so on, the difference of five between the two numbers being due to the fact that two issues did not contain a competition.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Lectureship in Moral Philosophy. Applications are invited for the Lectureship in Moral Philosophy. Salary £800 × £50—£1,100, placing according to qualifications and experience, with F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowances. The University pays a proportion of furniture removal expenses. Applications to be lodged by February 18, 1950. Forms of application and conditions of appointment may be obtained from H. J. Butchart, Secy., University of Aberdeen.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applications are invited for a Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in Plant Physiology or Cyto-Genetics in the Department of Botany. Salary scales: Lecturers £500 to £1,100, Assistant Lecturers £400 to £500, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be forwarded by February 18.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Geography. Salary £660–£760 (N.Z.). Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applications, March 31, 1950.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for the following permanent posts under the Ministry of Fuel and Power: A Deputy Principal Inspector of Mechanical Engineering in Mines. Candidates must be at least 35 years of age on November 1, 1949, and must possess a sound general training and extensive experience of mechanical engineering plant and practices in the coal mining industry. Corporate Membership of the Institution of Mining Engineers or the Association of Mining Electrical and Mechanical Engineers is necessary, and a University Degree in Engineering is desirable. B. Inspector of Mechanical Engineering in Mines: Candidates must be at least 27 and under 35 years of age on November 1, 1949, and must have a degree in Mining Engineering, or an equivalent qualification, together with practical experience in mechanical engineering. Inclusive salary scales: Deputy Principal Inspector, £1,250–£1,450; Inspector, £750 (at age 30, £25 being deducted for each year of age below 30 and added for each year above 30, subject to maximum starting salary of £1,000–£950). Further particulars of application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2940. Completed applications must be returned by March 2, 1950.

BBC invites applications for post of Head of Television Children's Programmes. Qualifications include wide knowledge of children's recreational, artistic and educational interests, and critical approach to selection, visual presentation and development of children's programmes in general. Ability to plan and organise work of an output department is essential, and experience in theatre, film or radio production (preferably two of these three) is desirable. Starting salary £1,000, rising by £60 to £1,100 maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, BBC., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "H. Tel C.P. N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

BBC. invites applications for post as Features Producer, North Region, based in Manchester. The successful candidate will be required (a) to evolve ideas for documentary and/or dramatised treatment of subjects in a wide field of interests—biographical, industrial, topographical, historical, etc., and (b) to script or edit, cast, and produce such programmes for broadcast. High standard of literary ability and good critical faculty are necessary, together with ability to stimulate and edit scripts from outside contributors. The appointment will be made in a grade with a normal starting salary of £610 rising by £40 to £890 per annum maximum, or for a candidate with exceptional qualifications and experience, in a grade with a normal starting salary of £750 rising by £50 to £1,100 per annum maximum. Higher starting salaries may be authorised in either grade where appropriate. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, BBC., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Features Producer, N.R. N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose s.a. envelope.

APPLICATIONS for training for employment as probation officers can be considered from British subjects between 21 and 40 years of age, who have a University Certificate in Social Science or equivalent qualifications. Candidates without such a qualification can be considered if they have had a sound education, which will enable them to benefit from a course of study at a University and some practical experience in the field of social service. Special arrangements may be made for university students who are accepted for training following graduation. Applications can also be considered from persons over the age of 40 who are exceptionally qualified by experience for the work of a probation officer. Particulars of allowances payable during training and forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview in 1950. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide variety of scientific (including engineering) qualifications. Places of work are spread throughout Great Britain. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age on August 1, 1949: time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £210–£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2522. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible and must in any case be received not later than March 31, 1950.

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster (Regional Mental Hospital, 3,000 beds). Supervising Psychiatric Social Worker (female) required to expand and organise the services within the hospital and at the psychiatric O.P. clinics staffed from the hospital. Applicants must be fully qualified with considerable experience of the work. Salary scale, etc. (J.N.C.) £445 × £20–£605 per annum; commencing salary according to ability and experience, less £102 per annum if resident. N.H.S. (Superannuation) Scheme. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

ESSEX Education Committee. Vacancies for Full-time Youth Centre Wardens. Applications are invited from men and women as full-time Wardens of County Youth Centres in Chelmsford, Colchester, Halstead, Dagenham and Leyton, and for one unattached Warden. In these Centres the work of the Junior Evening Institutes is combined with the provision of recreational and social activities, and in some cases the Warden is also responsible for Part-time Day Release Classes. Applicants should have had a good general education up to, at least, School Certificate standard. A University Degree, Social Science Diploma, Teacher's Training or Youth Leaders' Certificate, would be a definite advantage. In addition, considerable experience in a responsible position in Youth Service work is essential. The salary in each case will be on a scale equivalent to the Burnham Further Education Report, i.e. £100 × £15—£355 (men), or £270 × £12—£444 (women), plus allowances for degree and training. In addition, a membership allowance of £40 per annum for each 100 members in regular attendance in excess of 150 is paid. Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned within fourteen days from the appearance of this advertisement, may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope. D. N. Bungey, Acting Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Deputy Wardens. (1) Chingford Wellington Avenue Youth Centre (woman); (2) Woodford Youth Centre (man). Applications are invited from suitably qualified women men for the above posts. Salaries: Woman, £270 × £12—£366; man, £100 × £15—£420, plus degree and training allowances as laid down in the Burnham Further Education Report. Application forms and further particulars (stamped addressed envelope) from the Divisional Education Officer, Holly House, High Road, Buckhurst Hill, to whom applications should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. D. N. Bungey, Acting Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

KENT C.C. The Children's Committee of the Kent County Council invite applications for the appointment of men Welfare Officers. The duties will include Court work, the supervision of older boys in the care in emplayment and boarded-out, and of boys discharged or on licence from Approved Schools. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other academic qualifications, or have had previous experience in social work with children. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.1 of the National Scales (£190 × £15 annual increments to £435 a year) for candidates who possess academic qualifications; other applicants within the Miscellaneous Division Grades 1 or 11 of the National Scales (Grade I: £115 × £10—£165; Grade II: £175 × £15—£420. The candidates appointed will be required to pass a medical examination, and the appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned by February 11. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

RESIDENTIAL worker reqd. for intensive casework with problem families. Full information and forms of applic. avail. on request from the Secy., Manchester & Salford Family Service Unit, 86 Rusholme Rd. Manchester, 13.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for post of History Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department. A high standard of scholarship is required, together with skill and imagination in presenting historical material to children. Preference will be given to candidates with some literary ability and wide general culture. Normal starting salary £610 rising by £40 to £890 maximum per annum (both starting salary and maximum may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional). Applications must be made on the prescribed form which can, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "School History, N. Stm." Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is three weeks from the date of this insertion.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Educational Psychologist. Candidates must hold a recognised honours degree in Psychology and possess high qualifications in education (including actual teaching experience); they should also have had experience in the work of child psychology in schools, in a Child Guidance Centre, and in lecturing to teachers. Associate Membership of British Psychological Society will be an additional recommendation. Salary according to grade (ii) of the National Scale for Inspectors, etc., of L.E.A.'s, viz. £650–£850 (men) or £585–£680 (women). Application forms and full particulars of the appointment will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Inquiries should be marked "Educational Psychologist," and all completed applications should reach the undersigned not later than February 28, 1950. W. O. Bell, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Treacy Road, Norwich.

AMBLESIDE, Brathay Hall Centre. Vacancy for (a) Deputy Director, and (b) Two Group Leaders, to assist Director in charge of Resident Training Courses for boys (40 of whom will be accommodated for periods of one month at a time), in management, planning and carrying out indoor and outdoor activities of which the Courses will consist. University degree preferred. Salary scales: (a) Deputy Director, £450 to £550; (b) Group Leaders, £350 to £450. Commencing salary dependent on age, qualifications and experience. Residential accommodation for single men only. For further particulars and forms of application apply to the Chairman of the Trustees, Brathay Hall Centre, Sand Aire House, Kendal, Westmorland, sending stamped addressed envelope.

ESSEX Education Committee. Loughton Youth Centre. Appointment of Deputy Warden. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Deputy Warden of the Loughton Youth Centre. Salary £270 × £12 to £366, with degree and training allowances as laid down in the Burnham Further Education Report. Application forms may be obtained from the Divisional Education Officer, Holly House, High Road, Buckhurst Hill, and should be returned to him not later than two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement. D. N. Bungey, Acting Chief Education Officer.

WEST Sussex County Council. A House Father and a Nursery Assistant are required to complete staff at Littlegreen, the County Council's new Home for Related Children at Compton, 12 miles from Chichester. The House Father should preferably be a craftsman, experienced in living with children of all ages, interested in building up a happy non-institutional atmosphere with many activities. The Nursery Assistant is required for the 2-5 age group and should preferably have experience with children of that age. Good accommodation and free. Salary—House Father—£247 per annum less £60 p.a. for board and residence. Nursery Assistant—(over 19) £100 × £10 to £150 p.a. with free board residence. Full particulars should be sent to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester, from whom application and further information may be obtained. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

THREE Counties Hospital, Arlesey, Beds. Social Worker required for psychiatric social work department. Female preferred. Social Science certificate (or equivalent) essential. Salary £310 × £12 10s. to £385. Further information can be obtained from the senior P.S.W. Applications as soon as possible to the Medical Superintendent.

LONDON County Council. Kathleen Schlesinger Home, Russells Water, near Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire—a residential special school for 28 delicate children aged 2-5. Superintendent teacher required, to be in charge of the establishment. Qualified teacher, mothers' training an advantage. Burnham group 1 (S: head teacher's allowance; London allowance not payable. Board, lodging and laundry free in return for duties outside school hours. Send stamped addressed foolscap envelope for form EO TS10 primary and particulars to the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date February 11. (8)

ACKWORTH School, nr. Pontefract, Yorks. (Co-educ. boarding school conducted by the Society of Friends.) Required for May, Mistress to teach German to H.S.C. & Scholarship standard. Salary Burnham Scale less £80 for residence. Applics. with testimonials to the Headmistress as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NO Conscription Council seeks a man or woman to continue its work of protest against conscription. The nature, scope, and extent of the appointment are subject to negotiation to suit individual requirements and availability. Write: N.C.C., Kings Cross Mission Bldgs., Crestfield St., London, W.C.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of Assistant Warden at the Second Residential Co-operative Youth Centre, Dalston Hall, near Carlisle. Previous experience is not an essential requirement. Application form and further particulars may be obtained from Co-operative Youth Centres Limited, Dalston Hall, near Carlisle, and must be returned not later than Feb. 14.

CLUB Leader. Applications are invited from women who are trained and experienced for the post of Peripatetic Club Leader. Full or part-time. The woman appointed would be required to work in various clubs in the area. Applications (marked Club Leader) stating age, academic and other training and experience and giving the names of three references, should be sent before February 14 to this office, from which further particulars may be obtained. Manchester District Assoc. of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, 16 Queen St. Manchester, 2.

LONDON Trades Union solicitor needs managing clerk. Salary £732 p.a. with good prospects. Intimate knowledge required of Factories Act, Industrial Accident Law and Common Law practice and procedure. Ideal post for progressive man or woman with ability and initiative. Box 4502.

EDITOR of old-established Socialist weekly paper in Scotland invites applications for post of assistant. Modest salary but excellent opportunity for journalist with political convictions. Box 4689.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant (female) in the Information Section of the Public Relations Department, British Medical Association. Candidates should have Library Association qualifications in cataloguing, and previous experience in public or Press information work is essential. Salary within the range of £364–£468 p.a. Applics. should be addressed to Public Relations Officer, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Sq. W.C.1.

RESIDENT lady wanted to help run domestic side of small Children's Private Home. Terms given. Apply with full particulars: Markus, Hapstead House, Buckfastleigh, S. Devon.

SECRETARIAL Assistant (part-time) required now by Organising Secretary of P.E.N., International Congress to be held in Edinburgh, August, 1950. Should be good typist and shorthand and own machine essential. Organising ability and working French desirable. Apply, with testimonials and stating age, qualifications and exp., to Box 3705, Robertson & Scott, 73 Hanover St., Edinburgh.

SOLICITOR requires intelligent full-time or part-time secretary. Box 4521.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WHO will employ (temporarily) in post of responsibility ex-Brit. Government official, Ph.D. Vienna University, film and stage exp., speaks/writes German, Hungarian? London area. £5 p.w. considered. Good refs. Box 4396.

TRAINED Actress, yng., energetic, expd., sks. interesting theatre work. Box 4409.

YOUNG lady seeks position in cultural work where her wide secretarial experience will be used to advantage. Box 4412.

YOUNG well-educated German girl, second year England, seeks position junior Nanny or similar. Offers to Mrs. Eysen, 20 Hotham Rd., S.W.15.

YOUNG man, 25, present holding responsible, wearisome and exacting commercial position, seeks new employment, where his acknowledged literary talent can be given creative expression. Widely travelled. Journalistic experience. Lifelong Socialist. Initial remuneration secondary importance. Box 4361.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, Hist. & Anthropology, age 26, ex-officer. High speeds shorthand & typing. Any offers for service? Pref., but not necessarily, of secretarial, journalistic or literary nature requiring intelligence, responsibility and initiative. Box 4377.

PART-time student, with some tutoring experience, seeks teaching post. Subjects: English, French, Latin. Box 4449.

EXPERIENCED and practical lay-out designer sks. responsible job. Offers expert research on illustrations, thorough knowledge of museums, libraries and other sources of information; long exp. as art editor. Box 4458.

BARRISTER-at-Law, middle thirties, legal & admin. experience, ex-service, seeks admin. or legal appointment. Prospects, not salary, important. Box 4504.

YOUNG woman, Univ. educ., wishing change mundane sectl. existence, int. in hard work connected with music, theatre, sea, would welcome suggestions. Box 4558.

YOUNG woman, in unproductive office job, wants work from April, where reasonable intelligence, some artistic capacity, and designing exp. would be useful. Box 4562.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474

EXAMINATIONS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

ARCHITECTURAL Association School—36 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. The Entrance Examination for admission September, 1950, will be held on March 28 next, the closing date for applications being March 1. Full particulars, and details of Entrance Scholarships, obtainable from the Principal.

HEADINGTON School, Oxford. Two Entrance Scholarships and a Music Scholarship offered to girls under 14 years of age on September 1, 1950. Examination dates, March 1-3. Closing date for entries, February 14. Particulars and application forms from the Head Mistress.

BISHOP'S Stortford College, Herts. An Examination for the award of Scholarships and Exhibitions between the values of £100 and £30 will be held on June 2 and 3, 1950. For particulars apply Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 10 to 18. Founder: Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boards. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal. RAV. 3272.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12, Clifford St. W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

PERSONAL

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Accommodation for a summer school or conference organised by an educational or similar body is offered at Thwaite Hall, Cottingham, between July 20 and September 15, 1950. The Hall can accommodate 100-150 persons. Further particulars and terms from the Registrar, University College of Hull.

WANTED, partnership in small Bookshop, Translation/Secretarial Bureau, or similar. London. Box 3758.

JOHN Platts-Mills Election Campaign (Shoreditch & Finsbury). Volunteers welcomed for canvassing, driving, secretarial work, stewarding, etc. Please report to Agent, 84 Bath St., Old St., E.C.1., 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Tel.: CLE. 9119.

LEASE or freehold house suitable for daily class wanted, accessible S.W.1. Tel. SLO. 3096. Box 4532.

YOUNG widow (speaking fluent Spanish), well-educated and with wide interests, desires another of similar tastes to share pleasant home (& expenses). Small seaside town nr. Edinburgh. Someone interested in literature, animal breeding & gardening pref. Box 4454.

FRENCHWOMAN (perfect English, well educated, excel. cook), sks. such post as housekeeper in London, where accom. for daughter (student) available. Box 4675.

PART-time employment required by widow of high-ranking Civil Servant, aged 35. Capable organiser—experienced in social and welfare work. Able to type. Box 4433.

JEWISH lady required as companion to widow with good home in N. London residential district. Some light household duties. Write, stating age & salary required. Box 4435.

INTELLECTUAL milieu. Businessman, foreign, cosmopolitan, domiciled London, would like to join suitable club. Any suggestions? Write Box 4438.

TWO young men, motoring Spain Easter for 1 night, want male companion share expenses. Box 4480.

EFFICIENT ex-personal sec. seeks temp. occasional/part-time wk. Box 4467.

HOME for Piano. London family with two children (11, 16) would give house-room, care, tuning, to piano in return for careful use. Box No. 4106, 43 Hertford St., London, W.1.

RELIGIOUS Youth Organisation seeks girls' boarding school on South or South-east Coast suitable for annual summer school in August. Box 4468.

GOING to Sweden? Lady has modern Stockholm flat, 2 bed., bath, kitchen, frig. Low rent exchange for similar in London. 45 Engel Park, N.W.7.

INDEXING undertaken by retd. Chief Librarian of London nat. daily. Box 4469.

FRENCH teacher, licencié-ès-lettres, gives lessons pronunciation, conversation, literature. Box 4398.

SPANISH conversation sought in exch. for English or German. Box 4380.

GOOD speech, stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric, Hammersmith Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman). 14 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture: Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

PERSONAL—*continued*

ENGLISH and German tuition for Diplomats and Students close Finchley Rd. Station, morning, luncheime and after dinner. Flat 3, Fitzjohn's Ave., N.W.3. Ham. 4624.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation. Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2692.

ENGLISH lessons given by English Teacher. Please 'phone AMB. 5124.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Maida Vale 4657.

RUTH Holz, Photographer, Children's & Portraiture in your home. Primrose 4305.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 5182.

IF you can write a good letter, you can make money by writing for the Press. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

YOUNG State Registered Nurse wishes to accept appointments for massage, sun ray, and infra-red treatments. Phone RIV. 3339 after 11 a.m., or PAD. 9314 before. Write Robertson, 68 Westbourne Terrace, W.2.

CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs, have 7 cruisers sleeping 2-6 people. Wide choice of routes in lovely scenery. Also houseboat with motorboat.

"CHEZ Vous"—at Home in Paris. A week or a week-end among Parisians of the literary and artistic world and, of course, all that Paris can offer. For particulars apply: Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. Telephone HOLborn 4846.

CORSICA—L'Isle de Beauté. The ideal summer holiday—exciting, inexpensive, quite out of the ordinary—has been devised by the Camp de l'Horizon for people who appreciate the wonderful climate, natural beauty, and perfect freedom of this truly enchanted island. Excellent food, swimming, boating, excursions, congenial companions. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4 (City 7163-4).

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

HALL, Leicester Sq., available for plays, films, lectures; classes, rehearsals, dinners, socials, dances. Apply Sec., Asian Inst., 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PERSONALLY conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Spain & Switzerland at pre-devaluation prices. Apply for 1950 programme: Esmitours, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 6405.)

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Stresa, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix. S.C. Tours, Martigny, Switzerland.

SMALL friendly group visits to Paris, Florence, Rome, Tyrol, Oberammergau. Illustrated booklet free. Always Travel, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. TEM. 8702.

EIRNA Low Holidays & Reunion Dance. Feb. 11, 7 p.m. Members of my parties, their friends and other travel enthusiasts are invited. Full details of this & other social events, Easter/Summer holiday arrangements Irma Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

COME and have your celebrations with ours. 25th Anniversary Year at S.F. Grill & Cafe, 6 Denman St., Piccadilly Circus.

EASTER Tour. Five-day social study of the S. Wales Development, and Black Mountains N.P., Areas. Experts lecture evenings, coach tours by day. April 6-11, housed at Dunraven Castle, incl. charge £5 17s. 6d. Ethical Union, 42 Inverness Place, W.2.

WHERE TO STAY

AT Trevidren Hotel, Penzance, you can be certain of good food, cheerful service, all the comforts of a warm, peaceful home; a mild yet bracing climate, and enchanting Cornish scenery. Easy access to sandy beach. Tel.: Penzance 3193.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 4½ Sgns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

STUDLAND, Dorset. Old-world Guest House in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. Ideal for early Spring holiday. Golf, riding. Booking Easter, Whitsun, Summer. Illus. brochure from BCM/Studland, London, W.C.1.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

SWITZERLAND: Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school. 3,370ft. high Guest House, comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 francs daily, inclusive. Brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Lovely country house. Every modern convenience. All beds interior sprung. 15 acres grounds. Best cuisine. Among Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Fishing, hunting. Golf at Rock (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Mildest climate in Britain. Excellent for asthmatics. Spring begins in January here. Proms 4gns. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Jordans House, Beaconsfield; 21 miles from London, but right in the country, reduced terms for winter guests.

BOURNEMOUTH (Boscombe). Small guest house near sea. H. & C., gas fires, ordinary & vegetarian diet. Smith & Bailey, Court Green, Glen Rd. Tel. Boscombe 33621.

HASTINGS, first-class residence, gardens. French cuisine, atmosphere. Children minded. Continental Guest House, 10 Albany Rd. St. Leonards.

AT Burcot, near Oxford, winter is mild and you will be warm, comfortable and well fed at Croft House Hotel. Central heating. Fishing, tennis (hard court), billiards. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view, modern conveniences. 40 acres. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

TYE Rock Hotel, Porthleven, S. Cornwall. Sea air, warm sunshine, good fare. A.A. recommended. Write for tariff.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers beautiful views, comfort and friendly atmosphere. Conferences, parties catered for. Anne Hosmer and Beatrice Farnsworth. Tel. 508.

BROADSTAIRS. Belgrave Hotel for comfort, warmth and good food; h. and c. all rooms; now open to receive visitors. Send for tariff or telephone Broadstairs 795.

BOGNOR. Quiet Guest House. Good food, home comfort. Several sit.-rooms, pleasant gdn. "Widworthy," Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

BRIGHTON. "Walnut" Private Hotel, 6 Royal Crescent. Tel. 266511. Regency House, delightfully situated on sea front facing South and Palace Pier. H. & C. in bedrooms, every comfort and excellent food. 5 to 6gns. p.w. Personal supervision of Mrs. Miller-Robinson (Proprietress). Special winter terms.

EASTON Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon. We are used to writers and their foibles and provide strong tables and quiet. Walking, riding, golf or bathing. Considerably reduced winter terms. Tel. Chagford 3169.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 4050.

CORNWALL (South) Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Kennack Sands. Near to Cadgwith, Mullion, The Lizard, Coverack and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach approx. 5 mins. Write Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor, Cornwall.

SWANAGE, Dorset. Vegetarian Guest House 3 mins. sea; H. & C. Brochure: Mr. & Mrs. Golding, "Waverley," 52 Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

ST. John's Priory, Poling, Arundel. Riding holidays in Sussex beauty spot. Charming XII Century house. Own produce and stables. Brochure on application. Tel. Arundel 3114.

MARKLY Hotel. Residential and holidays. Attractive rooms, good beds. H. & C., central heating, log fires. Good table, fresh local produce. Trains met. Brochure: O. Button, Rushlake Green, nr. Heathfield, Sussex. R.G. 270.

PROPERTIES, ETC., FOR SALE

FREEHOLD: good condition, 18 rooms, outbuildings, timbered grounds, overlooking sea, N. Wales prep. school, principals retiring, bargain all. £19,000 or nearest. Ambrose Appelbe, 7 New Sq. W.C.2.

DOCTORS, Dentists, etc. Detached House, quiet road, close Ealing Broadway. Admirably suitable professional and/or domestic occupation. All modern conveniences. Recently redecorated. 7 Bedrms., 1 drawing room, 2 bathrms., 3 large reception, morning rm., Kitchens, refrig. and other accessories. Well-stocked, good-sized garden. Long lease. Low price for quick sale. Box 3572.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. P. D. Williams. February issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—*continued*

I.S.S. Review (6d., 56 pp.). New and established writers in current number—Rabbi Lelyveld: "The Virtues of Uncertainty," E. W. Martin: "Patriotism and Ezra Pound," Hannah Sternberg: "Salzburg Seminar" & Poetry. Reviews and Illustrations. 7d. fr. 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

HOW to vote for what you want: "Effective Democracy," by A. J. Abbey. 2s. 6d. post free. Crofton Press, Gatecrete, Lovibonds Ave, Orpington, Kent.

READ how a Modern Muslim views the world situation in "Whither Pakistan?" by Z. A. Suleri. Obtainable from The Islamic Press, Ltd., 32 Norton Folgate, London, E.1, for 5s. plus 4d. postage.

THE Ancient Wisdom, Occultism, Mysticism, Comparative Religion, Theosophy; Man—Body, Psyche and Spirit. For books on these subjects write/visit: Theosophical Bookshop, 68 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Catalogue free.

PEACE and the election. No voter can afford to be without the British Peace Committee's new bulletin "To Live in Peace." 2d. monthly, 3s. a year post free. Special leaflet, "Peace and the Election," also available 1s. 6d. a 100, 10s. a 1,000, from British Peace Committee, 374 Gray's Inn Rd. London, W.C.1.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

WHAT do Unitarians believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp. Miss Dickin, Hillrop, Park Rd. Bridport, Dorset.

ARE Soviet artists, scientists free? Read Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. X, No. 4, just out, on this and many other questions. Texts of lectures given here by Soviet delegates. 2s. 6d. (post 3d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kennington Square, W.8.

RISHABHA Jaina Free Lending Library. Works on Jainism, Psychology, Comparative Religion, Yoga. Write only: Secretary, 110 Cleveland Gardens, N.W.2.

OPEN to purchase, Modern Literature of all kinds. Fiction, non-fiction and standard works. Small lots, or complete libraries purchased. Bernard Hanison, Books, 57 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 8264).

GREAT choice in German Books at moderate prices. Continental Book Supply, 92 Randolph Ave., London, W.9. CUN. 7286. German literature bought.

BE Happy with "Book Handbook," an Illustrated Quarterly for all who delight in Old Books. 11s. yearly through your newsagent, or post free from The Book Centre, Ltd., London, N.W.10.

AMERICA'S leading magazines: Popular Mechanics, National Geographic Magazine, Fortune, etc. Yearly postal subs. arranged. Send for free price list. Thomas & Co. (Dept. N.S.N.), Blackpool.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd. London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

ANKAUF Deutscher Buecher. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. Ful. 7934.

BOOKS Bought. Highest prices paid for Libraries, smaller collections, single items. Theatre, Art, Psychology, Modern Fiction, etc. Up to half-published price for pre-war novels in fine condition by popular authors. Review copies purchased. Book Searchers, Ltd., 342 King's Rd S.W.3. Flaxman 0454.

ALL French and many German & Italian books are obtainable from Librairie Française, 17 Gillingham St., London, S.W.1 (Victoria 1581). Catalogues (sent on request): No. 4 (French), No. 5 (German & Italian); also lists of 2nd-hand books & books on econs. & political science. Specify your interests.

AMERICAN Readers: Books reviewed/advertised in these pages are readily obtainable: simply send order & check in $ for amt. advertised to Robert Bentley Co., 10 P.O. Sq., Boston 9, Mass. (1£ = $4€). Add 30c. for shipping, etc., per book.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Oxford Dictionary, 13 volume edition, good condition, £35. "New Statesman," Feb., 1939, to Dec., 1949 (ten numbers missing); "Economic Journal," 1936-46; "Economica," 1934-35; "Archif Fuer Sozialwissenschaft," 1928-33: best offers?; "The Drawbridge," 28in. × 23in., £6; "Landscape with Bridge," 25½in. × 23½in., £5 10s.; Van Gogh, coloretype, oak frames: Gezetner 66 hand duplicating machine, absolutely brand new, also Gestetner 66 electric machine, in perfect condition; Public Address sound equipment mike/gramo amplifier, mains or battery, loudspeakers, etc.—low price, sale/hire; Linguaphone, Italian, £12; Car loud-speaker, wing fitting, 6-volt, Audente, 1939, unused; Infra-dyser heat-treatment lamp, perfect condition, 30s.; Typewriter, Standard 4-bank, £15; Dachshund puppies, red, black and tan, excellent pedigree, 5gns.; pre-war Columbia Record Player, £8.

WANTED: Italian Linguaphone set, good condition; Typewriter (Remington preferred), price secondary importance if good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evenings (ex. Mon.) 7. St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Members.

UNITY. "Buster," by Ted Willis. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

I.C.A. Picasso's "Desire Caught by the Tail" and William Blake's "An Island in the Moon." Rehearsed reading by Valentine Dyall, Hilda Sims, Dylan Thomas and others, 8.30 p.m. Thurs., Feb. 16. Rudolf Steiner Hall, Park Rd., N.W.1. Tickets from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. and 6s. to 10s. for Institute of Contemporary Arts members and guests only, 6 Fitzroy St., W.1. MUS. 5145. Membership enquiries welcomed.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Feb. 5th, 7.30. "Monsieur Vincent" (A).

THE New Era Film Club (Central London) Programme for the coming season includes Polish, French, Czech, Soviet, Italian, Hungarian Films, Features and Documentaries. Send s.a.e. for full details to A. Miller, 40a Herman Hill, Wanstead, London.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Feb. 5, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Sturdy String Quartet. Stephen Shingler, James Whitehead. Haydn in G Op. 77; Purcell C mi. Fantasia, Qts. Boccherini D Two Cello Quintet; Brahms B flat, St. Sextet. 1s.

NEW London Orchestra. Conductor: Alec Sherman. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This Sunday at 3. Overture, Marriage of Figaro (Mozart); Piano Concerto No. 2 (Brahms); Symphony No. 7 (Beethoven). Soloist: Gina Bachauer. Tickets: 15s., 12s., 9s., 6s., 3s., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

LONDON Mozart Players (presented by Haydn-Mozart Society). Conductor: Harry Blech. Haydn-Mozart Concert. Soloists: Dennis Brain, Norbert Brainin, Peter Schidlof. Chelsea Town Hall, Wed., Feb. 8, at 7.30. Tkts.: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

LONDON Opera Club. Programme for 1950: Feb. 20 & 21: Offenbach, "A Husband on the Mat" and Ibert "Angelique"; May 1 and 6, prior to season at the Bath Assembly: Wolf-Ferrari, "Susanna's Secret" and Arthur Benjamin, "Prima Donna"; October: Milhaud, "Le pauvre matelot" and Donizetti, "Il Campanello di notte." Subscription, covering these productions: £1 15s. (Orch. Stalls & Dress C. seats), £1 (Upper C. seats) to the Hon. Sec., 37 Kingswood Court, N.W.6.

COMMITTEE for Promotion of New Music presents its 114th Studio Recital at Salle Erard (Augener), Gt. Marlborough St., at 6.30 on Tues., Feb. 7th. Chairman: Max Rostal. 1st Speaker: Harold Rutland.

HAMPSTEAD Symphony Orchestra, Conductor: Samuel Rosenheim, Hampstead Town Hall, Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7.30. Stamitz: Symphonie Concertante; Bach: Brandenburg No. 3 in G (with slow movt.); Mortari: Musica per Archi (1st perf.); Tchaikovsky: Serenade. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s.

63rd Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Friday, Feb. 10, at 7. Vocal Music by Debussy, Poulenc, Beydts, Gounod, Hahn, sung by Geori Boué & Roger Bourdin of the Paris Opera. Tkts.: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., Hall and usual agents.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sun., Feb. 5, at 8 p.m. Studio Group Music Circle. Binder, Trio; Mendelssohn, String Quartet; Mozart, Piano Quartet. Non-mems. 1s.

HOLY Trinity Church, Kingsway. Two Bach bi-centenary recitals. Michael Howard (organ). Weds., Feb. 8 & 22, at 5.30 p.m.

CHURCH of the Annunciation, Marble Arch. The Renaissance Singers, directed by Michael Howard. Sats., Feb. 4 & 18, at 3.30 p.m. Plainchant, Lassus & Byrd.

INDONESIAN Music and Dancing. Women's International League New Year Party, Guthrie House, Cadogan Gate, S.W.1. Feb. 4, 3.30-5.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. (including tea) at door.

FABIAN Dance: Sat., Feb. 4, 7.30-11.30. Former venue, Artworkers' Guildhall, Queen's Sq., W.C.1. Org. C.L.F.S. Adm. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings, also modern French lithographs from 2 *guineas*.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of paintings by Rolf Durig. Also paintings by Matthew Smith, Paul Nash & Christopher Wood, 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Betty Swanwick. Feb. 6-March 4, 1950. Daily 10.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Saturdays 10.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Loan exhibition of paintings by Lovis Corinth. Recent paintings by Z. Ruszowski.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington High St., W.14. Paintings & drawings by Adrian Beach. Feb. 7-25, 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

FUSELI. An Arts Council exhibition of paintings and drawings. The New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Feb. 25. Week-days 10-6 (Tues., Thurs. 10-8). Admission 1s.

RECENT Tapestries, woven by the Edinburgh Tapestry Company. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 11. Week-days, 10 to 6 (Tues., Thurs., 10-8). Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Watercolours by Chagall and Sutherland. Recent Gouaches by Raoul Ubac. Primitive Carvings.

YOUNG Contemporaries. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Daily 10-5 (inc. Sat.). Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A. Monthly Forum for Discussion. "The Industrial Designer and Public Taste." Chairman: Misha Black, 8 p.m., Tuesday, Feb. 7 at Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gdns., Park Lane, W.1. Institute of Contemporary Arts Members only. (Membership 25s., students 15s. Details 6 Fitzroy St., W.1.)

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Library, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 7: A. E. Bonnett, M.B., B.Sc., "Contemporary Psychology." Adm. free. Collection.

HUNGARIAN Cultural Institute, 22 Manchester Square, W.1. Jean Jacobs, "Youth in Hungary," February 10, 8 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Feb. 5: S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Literary Horizon." Adm. free.

HYPNOTISM. Demonstration by William Badsey in Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Fri., Feb. 10, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. Reserved, 4s. and 3s., Unreserved 2s. Bookings and tickets from the Caretaker.

"BRASS Instruments of the Orchestra and Military Band." A lecture will be given by Lieut. C. H. Jaegar, Mus.Bac., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., p.s.m. for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, Feb. 9, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Alan Bush, "Soviet Music." Tuesday, February 7, 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.S.

NOMADS Club, 32 Great Newport St., W.C.2. Thurs., Feb. 9. "Ambassador of Music," by Mr. Bruce Flegg, of The British Council. 7.45 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Society, Sun., Feb. 5, 7.45, Universal Restnt., 169a Finchley Rd. (nr. Hamp. Baths). Dora Russell, "Is Feminism a Failure?"

FRIENDS of the Future: "Social Biology." 12 Lectures by J. N. Glaister, Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, by ticket only. Fridays, 7.15 p.m. begn. Feb. 10. Enquiries Box 4044.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Feb. 5: We Sow and Reap.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 11, at 6 p.m. M. Y. Goeau: "Les Chansons de la Mer."

G. E. O'DELL: The Worth of Life. At the Ethical Church, 44 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sun., Feb. 5, at 11 a.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Feb. 8, 6.30. The Four Noble Truths. Mr. R. F. Fussell.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Feb. 9, 7.30. "Essentials of Vedanta" (Contd.) All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PENDLEY Centre of Informal Education. Programme for 1950 now available. Weekend courses include series on: "The English Countryside," "Photography," "Music and the Amateur," "Self Expression in Speech and Writing," and "Drama and the Amateur." Fee: 2gns. a week-end. Particulars from the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302).

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 215gns.; 21 days, 265gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

FOREIGN languages. Enrolment daily for Day and Evening Classes. New classes commence each week. French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. Private lessons in all languages. Write, 'phone or call for prospectus (free): Schwartz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., Dept. SAN, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1 (Tel.: MAYfair 4640).

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C., Law (ees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894).

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

ASHRIDGE: Course 3, Feb. 10-13. "The Welfare State." The Individual and the Welfare State; The Citizen and the Health Services; Children: A National Responsibility; The Social Services and the National Economy. Lecturers include Sir Wilson Jameson, John Charles, Mrs. M. McIntosh. Incl. fee: £3 10s. Course 4: Feb. 17-20. "The Cinema as an Aspect of National Life." The Film Actor and his Work; The Structure of the Film Industry; The Art of the Screen; Purpose and Values. Lecturers include Roger Manvell, Ernest Lindgren, Miss E. Arnot Robertson. Incl. fee: £3 10s. Applics. to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel. Little Gaddesden 3191.

SPEECH Education. Easter School, directed by Marjorie Gullan, April 12-14. Courses for Primary and Secondary School Teachers. Voice and speech; movement, mime and spontaneous drama; public speaking for the classroom; choral speaking and choric drama. Particulars from Speech Fellowship, 1 Park Crescent, London, W.1. (Langham 5147.)

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Theory of the Firm" will be given by Professor A. Henderson (Manchester) at 5 p.m., on February 10, 17 and 24, at The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training for graduates and other educated girls. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Special courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands, and in Management. Scholarships. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd, N.W.3. HAM. 5986.

THE Countess of Listowel personally recommends the Langham Secretarial College for girls wishing to train for work with International Organisations. Parents are invited to write to 50 Fitzroy St., W.1 (Tel. EUSton 5811) for full details of this and other interesting careers.

HUNGARIAN Language Lessons begin on Feb. 15. Register: Hungarian Cultural Institute, 22 Manchester Square, W.1. Wel. 6340.

SPANISH & French classes. 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. KEN. 3139.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is an independent organisation founded to extend and develop the work of the Psycho-Physical Re-education Group. Its teachers consecrated are qualified to teach Mr. F. M. Alexander's re-educational technique. Particulars from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. Park 7222.

CLASSICAL Ballet, Central European, Dancing, Keep-fit. Day and evening classes for adults and children. Stella Mann, 8 Netherhall Gdns. N.W.3, and Dinely Studios, Marylebone High St., W.1. HAM. 9317.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA 7839.

AUTHORS! MSS. and plays swiftly and accurately typed. Attractive presentation. Rathbone Secretariat, 3 Rathbone St., W.1. MUSeum 6021.

MILDRED Furst Typewriting Service. Careful work by expert typists. Personal supervision. Moderate terms. Special checking service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 7479.

TYPEWRITING & Duplicating. Plays, Novels, Scripts, Reports, Theses, testimonials expertly typed & attractively presented. Beretun, 91 Priory Rd. N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5230 and FRE. 8640.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service, 57 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 4014.

LITERARY typing (7 day service all MSS.). Dictating machine service. Duplictg., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St. Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. 7 days' service for novels. Translations all languages. Moderate terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

MISCELLANEOUS

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

£5—£50 is the price we pay for Cultured Pearl Necklaces; up to £1,000 for Diamond Rings, Brooches, etc. (Valuation by Fellow Gemmological Association). Register your parcel (cash or offer per return), or call M. Hayes & Sons, Ltd., 106 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. HOL. 8177.

MISCELLANEOUS—*continued*

ASIAN Institute, for promotion of brotherhood and cultural relations, offers a central meeting place to all Asians in London. Membership also open to Non-Asians interested Asian affairs. Annl. subs. 21s., Students 10s. 6d., with full name, nationality & address, to D. P. Chaudhuri, Sec., 17 Irving St. W.C.2.

1,000,000 Shilling Fund to help fight organised cruelty to our wild animals. Send yours to Sec. (N.), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

GRAMOPHONE Records wanted. Best prices paid for second-hand records. Orchestral or vocal; classical or dance music. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

IRISH Le Klint Shades, Danish designed, Irish-made, paper pleated lampshades, announce sole agent for Northern Ireland: Mrs. Williams, 1 Kylemore Park, Cavehill, Belfast.

LEARN Shorthand by March 4 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

BARGAINS in Parachutes. (1) Each panel 36in. at base, tapering to 3in. and 132in. long. (a) Pure white heavy English silk, 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. (b) Cream Egyptian Cotton, 2 panels 10s., 4 panels 17s. 6d., 8 panels 32s. 6d.; (c) Primrose Nylon 7s. panel. (2) Orange Rayon, 16 panels, each 30in. × 70in., 8 panels 12s. 6d., whole Par. 22s. 6d. (3) White or Cream Cambric, 12 panels, each 20in. × 60in., whole Parachute 12s. carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 49), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

ALL Leather Brief Cases. Brown. Superb quality and craftsmanship. Size 15in × 11in. with 2 straps & triple lock. One pocket each 32s. 6d. Two pockets each 45s. Three pockets each 62s. 6d. Document Cases, Brown. Size 15in. × 10½in. with 2in. zip. (a) All leather 20s. each. (b) Real hide 32s. 6d. each. Tax and post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 70), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

SERVICE Chambers. H. & C. enclosed cabinet, gas fire ring. Super divan. P.O. 'Phone. Singles 63s., doubles 84s., inc. full breakfast, service & hall. Dinners available at 3s. FRO. 5979. 29 Nevern Sq. S.W.5.

LONDON. Prof. people seeking first-class accom. with service, breakfast & dinner, and many comforts and attractions, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., Kens., W.11; or 'phone PARK 6280.

COMF. quiet apartments with b'fast 9s. 6d. 1 min. Tube. Mrs. F. Boor, 14 Howitt Rd. London, N.W.3. PRI. 0776.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. 'Phone BAY 1865. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

LONDON, selected residential & holiday accommodation. Parties, students. Smith, 64 Oxford Circus House, London, W.1. 'Phone REGent 5893.

TO let furnished, small country house. Modern conveniences. 4 bedrooms, 3 sitting, 5 months/less from Feb. 28. £7 7s. Mrs. Walford, Old Farm, Dale Hill, Ticehurst, Sussex.

N. WALES. Furn. mountain bungalow. Sleep 6. No linen. 5gns. week. (July-August, 6gns.) Miss Hartstone, Brentor, Willow Grove, Cuxlehurst, Kent.

EXCHANGE London flat 15 mins. West End for seaside cottage or bungalow one week July or August; two babies. Box 4408.

WILLING exchange for extended period, large cottage with garden near Sandwich. 2 sit. rooms, 3 bed., 2 bath., electric light, garage, for small house in/near London. Private deal pref. Box 4446 or 'phone MAN. 1208.

LADY, single, urg. requires small s.c. modn. flat, unfurn. 3 rms., kit., bath., modn. rent; regions Reg. Park, S. Kensington, St. John's Wood/Hampstead. PARK 7659 or Box 4754.

ARCHITECT, lady, reasonably young, requires a flat. Large/small; pref. unfurn. Willing to redecorate throughout and repair if necessary providing rent not beyond bounds of reason. Any district London. Box 4229.

SMALL modern house urgently wanted (consisting of 2 s.c. flats each 3 rooms, kitchen, bath.), region Reg. Park, St. John's Wood, S. Ken., or Hampstead. PARK 7659 or Box 4755.

PROFESSIONAL man 1ks. unfurn. flat, bedrm., living-room, kitch., minimum. London area. Box 4436.

WANTED to purchase, 4/5 bedroomed modern house, in vicinities St. John's Wood, Maida Vale, Swiss Cot./Hampstead. Gee, 7 Gloucester Gdns. N.W.11. SPE. 7073.

YOUNG New Zealand architect, marrying in February, wants unfurnished house or flat in London for 2½ yrs. Box 4290.

SCHOOLMASTER, wife, daughter (3), urgently require accommodation. Woking area. Suggestions welcomed. Box 4373.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 146 and 147

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.